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T H E  
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE,

For M A Y, 1796.

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Original Communications.

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For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

THE *ESSAYEST*,—No. XXII.

Celestial happiness! whene'er she stoops  
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds  
And one alone, to make her sweet amends  
For absent heaven,—*the bosom of a friend*;  
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft  
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

YOUNG.

A T a period eventful and extraordinary, as the present the writer and orator can be at no loss for a copious, a popular, and an interesting theme. Nations who have groaned under the galling yoke of tyranny for ages, are now emancipating themselves from slavery, and beginning to taste the sweets of liberty, and the undisturbed enjoyment of their natural rights. Britain, imperious Britain, who once boasted the freedom of her government and the invincible power of her arms—feeble, degenerate, and corrupt, now finds herself reduced to the humiliating necessity of receiving lessons of liberty from those whom till late she despised as slaves, and to some appears tottering on the brink of a

revolution. Our own country, on the other hand, like a phoenix from her ashes, having emerged from a long, an expensive and bloody war, and established a constitution upon the broad and immovable basis of national equality, increases rapidly in wealth, number, respectability and power, beholds each useful and ornamental art carried to perfection by her industrious sons, of freedom and, notwithstanding the temporary but inauspicious cloud, which lately obscured her fair political countenance, and threatened to blast the unfolding blossoms of her honor and tranquility, now promises to become the permanent residence of peace, liberty, science, and national felicity. But as topics like these, though

though of the highest importance in themselves, and subjects of the most pleasing contemplation to the benevolent mind, seem not so *immediately* to concern the retired student, the industrious mechanic, the peaceful peasant, and the tranquil domestic circle, as the enterprising merchant, the scheming speculator, and the wary politician, the writer of this paper was induced to select for the present number, a theme more universally interesting, though of less arrogant pretensions, than those, which have been named. Conscious of his inability to produce any thing, which in any considerable degree can contribute either to entertainment or utility, he only hopes, that the same candid indulgence, which has hitherto been extended to his imperfect though well meaning lucubrations, will *continue* to assign his imperfections to their proper place, the *head* and not the *heart*, and charitably draw over them a veil impervious to the critic's eye.

To render our journey through life tolerable, and, if rightly pursued, *agreeable*, our wise and bountiful Creator has been pleased to scatter many and various enjoyments along the rugged road. This *wilderness world*, as it is frequently and not altogether improperly denominated, is by no means destitute of its flowers, and its fruits. Some of them, it is true, afford but a momentary gratification. and by too eagerly grasping at others, we are sometimes wounded by the thorns, upon which they always grow, yet so much satisfaction may be derived from *many* of them, and so *necessary* are they to enable us to sustain the numerous ills of life with patience, that properly to cultivate and enjoy them is as well

our *duty* as our happiest privilege.

Among these the pleasures resulting from *friendship*, maintain a very exalted rank. They are of the most innocent, permanent, satisfactory, and refined kind. Friendship is indeed the purest, the most copious, and the most certain source of happiness below. In nothing can we approximate nearer to the character of Deity itself than in exercising *benevolence*, which is the foundation of friendship. Benevolence, it is granted, we owe to all; but imperfection is the lot of humanity. We are so constituted, that wherever we discover, we naturally, and perhaps involuntarily, reciprocate indifference, neglect, and apparent contempt. But when guided by favoring fortune, we have found a *friend*, who, on every occasion, appears anxious to promote our happiness to the extent of his power, ready to vindicate our characters against the secret whippers and envenomed shafts of malice and envy, participating in our joys, and sympathizing with us in our sorrows, how do our souls flow out towards him in a spontaneous tide of gratitude and love! And, to crown the whole, should this rare invaluable friend prove, at the same time, a competitor in the lists of honor, a rival candidate for the meed of fame, and yet cherish with unabated, nay, with *increasing* ardor, the heaven enkindled flame of friendship, how divine, how godlike must be the principle, by which he is actuated! and how tender, how delicate, how arduous the struggle between ambition and affection! For friendship to conquer the exercise of every finer feeling, and the most strenuous exertion of every nobler faculty of our own nature, are indispensably



dispensibly requisite; but to the difficulty of the victory, the prize is amply compensate.

"Of Friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair,

"Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,

"And emulously rapid in her race.

"O the soft enmity! endearing strife!

"This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,

"And gives the rivet of eternity.

The greatest sublunary blessing ever indulged to man, is a *real friend*. Empty and vain were the enjoyments of life without a *friend*, with whom to share them, and insupportable its evils without a *partner* to assist us in bearing up the heavy load. Whatever the disappointed misanthropist, the brainick devotee, the lovelorn conventual, or the gloomy ascetic, may pretend, we have it from the very best authority, that "*it is not good for me to be alone.*" Even *innocence*, even *PARADISE* could not suffice without a *friend*, that sweetest ingredient, that essential requisite in the cup of bliss.

Cicero, who will be readily admitted as a competent judge of the subject before us, pathetically exclaims; "Good Gods! is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth, and all the affluence this world can bestow, if offered to him upon the severe terms of his being unconnected with a single mortal whom he could love, or by whom he should be beloved? This would be to lead the life of a detested tyrant, who, amid perpetual suspicions and alarms, passes his miserable days a stranger to every tender sentiment, and utterly precludes from the heartfelt satisfactions of friendship." The energetic Young sanctions the same sentiment in the strongest terms.

"A friend is worth all hazard we can run.

"Poor is the friendless master of a world;

"A world in purchase for a friend, is gain."

But is every one who bears the sacred name of *friend* to be appreciated at such an inestimable value? Most certainly not. Were this the case, the fair, the affluent, and the powerful, were *rich* indeed. Only the few, the thinly scattered "miracles below" who are designated by the expressive and emphatic appellation of *real friends*, are here intended. These only have any just claim to our attention or our esteem.

It may not be impertinent in this place to notice a few of the characteristic traits which distinguish the counterfeit from the genuine friend. The Sycophantic tribe of nominal friends flock in multitudes around the man whose talents, influence, office or wealth enable him to promote their private interests; but should capricious fortune, as not unfrequently happens, once deprive him of the ability to subserve their selfish purposes, they instantaneously desert his standard. The gathering storm of calamity, which overwhelms their long deluded patron, drives them at once far from his presence and relief, as swarms of noxious insects, which infest the atmosphere during the warm sunshine and the silent calm, are swept away in a moment before the rising whirlwind, and the blackening tempest. Adversity is the infallible touchstone of friendship. Like Ithuriel's spear, it restores to every thing its pristine shape, and adds new deformity even to the ugly *toad*, by betraying the demon that lurks within. Touched by this the parasite can no longer con-

ceal

ceal his real character, but starts up aghast, in all his native hideous colors. And though while disguised by the vizard of friendship, he is one of the most dangerous and venomous of animals, he is no sooner stripped of his mask, and fairly exposed to view, than he becomes a harmless monster, that may grin indeed, but cannot bite.

Let us turn our eyes from a spectacle so hateful and disgusting, and contemplate, for a moment an object of a very different aspect. Unlike the changeling above described, the true friend is *ever the same*. Faithful, when he has once possessed an attachment, he is a stranger to the base considerations of interest. He feels greater satisfaction in the prosperity of his friend, than the sordid mind can derive from the possession of the wealth of Peru. His sympathetic feelings receive a wound, it is true, from the misfortunes of his friend, but it is a wound, which he never wishes to avoid; a wound, which is effectually healed by the same efficacious oil that alleviates the sufferings of administering consolation and affording relief cannot be conceived by those who are not experimentally acquainted with the pure, the disinterested, the refined, the heartfelt joys of friendship.

What can be more at variance than these two characters? And yet, as they carry the same external impression to the eye of the superficial observer, they often pass currently together for a long time undistinguished, till the crucible of misfortune consigns the counterfeit to infamy, and adds to the intrinsic value of the true gold a tenfold lustre.

The art of deception has been

carried to such perfection in this hypocritical world, that great caution, and a considerable acquaintance with mankind, are requisite in the judicious selection of friends. It happens very unfortunately, that the young, the ingenuous, and the unsuspecting, who stand in the greatest need of faithful monitors, and sincerely affectionate companions, are the most obnoxious to imposition. Imagining that all are honest like themselves, they believe the protestations of the artful knave, who has some point to carry by their confidence, and perceive too late the fatal consequence of their credulity.

We cannot be too much upon our guard against those who are enamored of us at first sight, and give the strongest assurances of perpetual attachment upon a slight acquaintance. Sincere and well grounded affection, like the stately oak of the forest, is of tardy growth, and gradually arrives at that deep rooted maturity, which sets at defiance the changes of time and the tempestuous assaults of adverse fortune. Companions in debauchery may indeed swear eternal friendship to each other; but as the vicious are neither objects of love, nor capable of loving, such affection usually subsides with the inebriating fumes, by which it was inspired.

If we are desirous of procuring real and valuable friends, we must first render ourselves worthy of their regard. This can be effected only by a life of virtue. Wealth, honor, and power, may attract the selfish; but substantial merit alone can recommend us to the wise and the good. And should we be so happy as to make such our friends, how anxious should we

be to preserve their affection ! We should meet their wishes, be blind to their failings, and deaf to the tongue of malice, or listen only to defend. Thus cultivated friendship is calculated to soften the ills, and heighten the enjoyments of

the present life, and to antedate the pleasures of that blissful world, where friendship, freed from earthly clogs, will constitute the grand source of our happiness throughout the interminable ages of eternity !

(For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.)

## PROBATIONARY ESSAYS—No. III.

### ON AMBITION.

THE influence of ambition on human life is a subject worthy of attention. Without this excitement to deeds of noble or of bold emprise, kings would sleep on their thrones, genius would remain unknown, the poor would groan in abject misery, and stimulus and energy be lost to man. If this passion be well directed, it is the source of the greatest virtues and talents ; if badly, it becomes a scourge to human kind ; it arms crime, persecutes virtue, oppresses innocence and abashes man.

O virtuous ambition ! when wilt thou assume thy noblest, thy most powerful, influence ? When wilt thou exterminate the evils that oppress us ? Behold malignant envy belches out her poisonous gall, and tarnishes thy laurels ! Already has subtle hypocrisy, disguised in the mantle of benevolence, by her deluding artifices induced candor to become the mistaken advocate of imposture. While pride and the lust of domination, with all their united efforts, resources and strength, aim at subjugating and tyrannizing over depressed mankind ! Blood and desolation mark their progress ; shrieks and groans proclaim their success : terror chills

every heart : horror banishes confidence, and despair succeeds to hope. The principles of justice are perverted, and the dignity of law abused. Virtue is proscribed. Vice triumphs. Innocence is tormented. Nature is excruciated : and God insulted. Come then virtuous ambition expel these monsters who, puissant as barbarous, make more ravages than the most destructive pest ! come accompanied by equity, reason, and genius ! Pale and livid calumny, affrighted by thy approach, drinks her poisons, surspires, and dies. Pride and tyranny quit precipitately their tottering thrones. Cruelty drops her consanguined dagger. Hideous discord opens with rage the infernal abyss, and is suddenly ingulfed. While despair, who remains alone to guard the prison where freedom languishes and peace groans, is terrified at thy aspect ; confounded he plunges the sword of fury into his heart.

Then Liberty and peace attended by all the gentle virtues and smiling joys are enfranchized. And pleasures directed by wisdom and relieved by desire, escort felicity, who addressing man speaks thus : "Frail and perishable being, let

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the mirror of truth be the counsellor of thy actions ; let the balance of thy equity weigh all thy judgments ; let the flambeau of reason enlighten thy mind, and the

fire of genius sublime thy soul : and let thy only ambition be to deserve my presence, and I will never abandon thee !”

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No. IV.

*ON AVARICE.*

**A**VARICE is born of selfishness ; selfishness of prodigality. The prodigal, who at first takes as much pleasure in satisfying the desires of others as his own, soon perceives that his generosities are received without gratitude and his profusions considered as due. He then becomes more economical ; or rather is the only subject of his own expenses. His own desires only are gratified. But as fruition engenders disgust, he is tired of being always satisfied. At first he resists his desires ; afterwards his passion ; soon, his needs. Avarice then insinuates its propensities into his heart. It absorbs all his faculties, and all his attention. What now can be the enjoyment of such a man ? His passion is to enjoy not. His avidity become insatiable, makes him covet any thing he sees, or even imagines : and after he has deprived the possessor of it, his voracious eagerness is but increased. In the midst of abundance he feels all the cares of want and all the miseries of penury. The pleasures of society and the charms of solitude are equally unknown to him. Money only has attractions for him. He perpetually amasses and hides ; he never enjoys. In the day time

he watches with solicitude : in the night anxieties, suspicions and alarms keep his eyes open. The poor excite his contempt : the rich his envy. He is delighted with the misfortunes of others in the hopes of partaking their wealth : he is excruciated with their prosperity, because he considers it as theft made on him. The more he becomes rich, the more he desires to appear poor. All his thoughts and actions relate to his treasure. To augment and conceal it are his only occupations. Even the delight of seeing it is banished by the fear of being perceived ; and the pleasure of touching it, destroyed by the fear of wearing it out. Such is his life. No joy without apprehension, no hope without envy. He hates man, and is detested of him. He dreads death because it will withdraw him from his riches ; and yet repines at life because its sustenance is expensive. But at last the hour of separation comes to terminate a life affrontive to God, odious to mankind, and dishonourary to himself. His wealth is then the prey of flagitious robbers, or the heritage of ravenous relations, whose joy at his death is proportionable to what he leaves them.



## Miscellaneous Selections

### INFELICITIES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

I KNOW of nothing which creates in the mind a more tormenting jealousy of other men's success and celebrity; and contributes more to make our old age the season of impotent regret, than the consciousness of having lived below the measure of our abilities, in contradiction to nature's design in the talents with which she has furnished us. The weightier part of those sorrows which years accumulate, are in a manner the revenge which they take upon us for having suffered them to mature our faculties, without illustrating them in our turn, by any honorable occurrence or record of utility. That broad and level road of life, which leads to the common sink of mortality, is trodden by multitudes of those whose mould and conformation had qualified them for steep and difficult ascents, for services of high account, and enterprises that demand ability, and exercise virtue. To those who, like myself, have courted literature in academical bowers, amidst a crowd of competitors, instances have not been wanting of the truth of this observation. I have seen, with sorrow, the fair promise of expanding genius, and the expectation of many a noble mind, receive a perversion at its first entrance into active life, and, renouncing its privileges at the very threshold of manhood, subside into the common rank of insignificance, and the little detail of vulgar actions and amusements.

It is one of the greatest infelicities of fashion, that she seeks no accommodation with Nature in any of her plans or arrangements; but throws an uniform colouring

over one whole rank of life, and brings to the same standard of insipid conformity, every size of understanding, and every variation of genius. A young Nobleman, whom I formerly knew at College, gave me the most cheerful hopes that my country would derive benefit from his maturer exertions: his mind was extremely active at about the age of eighteen, and his attainments were equal to his diligence; but for these twenty years since, to my great disappointment, I have heard of nothing but his horses, his phaetons, his losses, his gains, his court dresses, and his masquerade characters, his journeys out, and his journeys home, and such like vanities of news-paper history.

Mr. Stratgate, who has been only famous these last thirty years, for handing a lady into a room, and then handing her out again, like some generals, who shine in leading on to the attack, and in covering a retreat, but not in the conduct of the action of the day, was in Mr. Allworth's time, a senior wrangler in the University of Cambridge. I have seen this gentleman retire within himself, with feelings manifestly discomposed, with a conscious colour kindling in his cheeks, and a pensiveness piercing through his smile, when the conversation has happened to turn upon literary merit, or the particular praise of some eminent scholar. For Mr. S. has only now a scattered recollection of those terms and ideas which he once could so readily combine; and only a few solitary axioms, a few fragments of erudition, are left in his mind, the poor remains of the proud but perishable

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monuments of his juvenile proficiency. It was his fate, just as he stepped into public life, to fall among a set of comparisons who presently gave a new turn to his ambition, and presented a new range of objects and attainments before him. The nature of those pursuits in which he now was engaged, supplying no channel through which his College acquirements might be turned to practical advantage, the estimation of those acquirements was sunk in his mind, and their substance fell gradually away, amidst the distractions of idle pleasures and fashionable engagements.

*"Tunc subit recordatio: quot dies quam frigidis rebus absumpsi."*

When the mind is once unstrung, it is surprising with what rapidity all its knowledge unravels itself, especially that knowledge which was not the easy accumulation of practical discoveries, or the natural result of involuntary combinations; not consisting in conclusions derived from sensible objects, or the smooth produce of a summer's ramble; but deep drawn from the unwearied efforts of the brain, and the closeted labours of academic solitude. When opportunity has come in aid of ability, and ed-

ucation has not been wanting to genius, it is painful, indeed, to witness the prodigality with which some of us squander these gifts of nature and fortune on attainments which only attended bodily vigour or mechanical dexterity. Nothing is more ridiculous than to hear the credit which some men give themselves for their proficiency in driving a phaeton, riding a race, or leaping a gate, with minds cast in statesmen's mould, and an education as enlarged, and as costly as Princes can enjoy.

When a proper subordination is observed in our pursuits, and when those which are unequal to our powers of attainment are cast into the order of amusements, and suffered only to engross our hours of recreation, I see nothing blameworthy in a man of ability who thus gives scope to the range of his curiosity, and the excursiveness of his genius, in the prosecution of diminutive attainments, and mechanical excellence; but if these have the effect of narrowing his accomplishments, by degrading his ambition and exertions, they are then to be considered in the light of moral delinquencies, and as stains upon his social character.

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## OBSERVATIONS,

RESPECTING THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

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THE inhabitants of a state constitute its real strength, and the increase or decrease of their number, furnishes one of the surest criterions to judge of its prosperity; as the former will inevitably take place in every country that affords encouragement and protection to industry, and the latter,

wherever insecurity damps exertion, or unfavorable circumstances produce such a disproportion between the price of labor and of the necessities of life, as renders subsistence difficult, and impedes the acquirement of competence.—Whatever may be the state of particular countries in these respects,

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the general increase of the human species is little doubted, though it would appear much more evident were it not counteracted by the destruction of wars, epidemic diseases, and other adventitious evils. Of those countries in which the increase of population is undeniable, America is perhaps the most striking instance of a rapid progress in this respect. The first colony that settled within the present boundaries of the United States, consisted of only about 100 persons, who went over from this country in the year 1606; and though many others soon followed, the difficulties they had to encounter were so great, that in 1614 the number of settlers remaining did not exceed 400, which small number has progressively increased in the course of 180 years to *Four Millions*. Such an uncommon increase is the more remarkable, in this instance, as by an account published some years since of the births and burials of Boston, it appeared in that town the number of the burials exceeded that of the births, and consequently that the inhabitants could not increase without an annual supply of persons born elsewhere. This circumstance would furnish a presumption, if more direct evidence could not be obtained, and the fact was not generally admitted, that the rapid advance of population in the United States has been in a great measure occasioned by emigration from other countries; which is still more fully confirmed by the result of the enumeration which took place in 1791. According to the returns then made, the total number of white males in the several districts of the United States (exclusive of the S. W. and N. W. territories) was 1,598,944, and of females,

1,541,261, the former being to the latter in proportion of 1000 to 964. It is well known that in all considerable places where similar accounts have been taken, the number of living males has been found less than that of the females: the exceptions to this general observation are very few, and only in such instances as may be easily accounted for from particular local circumstances; therefore, the contrary appearing in the American States, evidently proves that the population is considerably affected by persons removing thither from other countries; it being well known that the proportion of females who emigrate is very small in comparison with the number of males.—Several American writers, observing the rapid increase of the population of their country, and perhaps not sufficiently considering or being willing to allow how much it is owing to the constant accession of natives of other countries, have endeavored to shew, that the probabilities of life are higher in the United States than in Europe, and consequently instances of considerable longevity more numerous. This is the principal design of Mr. W. Barton's "*Observations on the progress of Population, and the probabilities of the Duration of Life in the United States*, read before the American Philosophical Society the 18th March, 1791." How far the arguments contained in this essay are well founded, will appear from a slight examination of the principal evidence produced in support of them. This consists of two tables of the probabilities of life in Philadelphia, and similar tables for the town of Salem, a seaport town containing about 8000 inhabitants. The 1st. Table for  
Philadelphia



Philadelphia is formed from the Register of two congregations (among whom the annual number of deaths was only 145) from 1755 to 1790. For twelve years during this period the bills could not be obtained, which certainly seems to imply some negligence in the manner of keeping them, and authorizes a doubt respecting the accuracy of those that were preserved; the bills for two other years the author thought proper to omit, as being years of extraordinary mortality among children. The 2d. Table is formed from the same bills for four years only. The tables from Salem, exhibit evident proof of their defects, by shewing such an irregularity in the decrements of life as was never observed in any considerable place, where registers have been kept tolerably correct. These are certainly very slender and unsatisfactory data to draw any inference from respecting the probabilities of life in the country at large, or even in the city of Philadelphia itself, containing so large a body as 42,000 inhabitants; but even upon the supposition that the tables are correct, the comparison of them with the other tables given with them, is not much in favour of Philadelphia. *E. g.* it appears by Table 1. that out of 1000 born in this city, 445 die under the age of three years; whereas according to Count de Buffon's Tables, only 420 die in Paris, and 413 in London, under this age; and according to Dr. Halley's Table for Breslaw, no more than 290. From the Philadelphia Table it also appears, that out of 1000 births 368 attain to more

than 20 years of age; but from Buffon's Tables, 433 live beyond this age in Paris, and 436 in London; and by the Breslaw Table 523 exceed it in that city. Dr. Price's Table for London is probably nearer the truth than that of Count Buffon; but as Mr. Barton in several parts of his essay appears partial to the circulations of Halley and Buffon, it is but right that his tables should be compared with their's in this respect. However, even by Dr. Price's Table it appears, that at most of the ages above twenty the mortality is not so great in London as in Philadelphia; so that even if it were admitted that America could furnish more numerous instances of great longevity than any other country (which is very doubtful,) still it would appear highly probable, that the sum of existence enjoyed by the inhabitants *en gross*, is but little, if any thing, more than in most other countries. The same inference may be drawn from the great proportion of inhabitants under sixteen years of age; a circumstance by no means favourable to the supposed longevity of Americans;—for unless it can be proved that the annual number of births is increasing, and is greater than in a country of equal population in Europe, the fact must result from a greater mortality in the advanced ages;—but as the former is the most probable, it would be improper to adopt the latter conclusion, unless it should be warranted by more correct accounts of the births and burials in America than have hitherto been published.

J. J. GRELLIER.



## ANECDOTES OF THE CELEBRATED MR. HOWARD.

From Pratt's gleanings through Wales, &amp;c.

**H**OWARD had many singularities, but very few affectations. It was singular for mere mortal man to go about doing good for the sake of doing it; to devote his fortune and his life to explore the most neglected and the most forlorn of the wretched, and to relieve them according to their several necessities—to begin the work of benevolence, where other people's bounty commonly ends it, in a prison: all this, I say, was very singular, but wholly pure of affectation. Further, it was singular—deserving that word, indeed, inasmuch as in human history, it is without a parallel—to put himself to the greatest personal inconveniences, and to encounter the greatest dangers, often of life itself, to accomplish the proposed ends of his philanthropy, since it is notorious that he traversed the earth, without any consideration of political distinctions or the nature of climate, in search of his objects, by which perseverance and intrepidity of resolution, he overcame all impediments that would have deterred many excellent persons from attempting the like enterprizes; and made even those faint by the way, who, with like good hearts, but with less firm minds, would have found themselves unequal to like undertakings; yet in Howard this was altogether unaffected; and before any man sets down any part of it to a love of being particular, or to a love of fame arising therefrom, let him well and truly examine his own heart, his own disposition, and see that he is not hunting about for an excuse to his own want of benevolence, or to his own

vanities in being bountiful by lowering the *principle* of benevolence in another. Let it not be imputed to John Howard as a dishonor that he had enemies, who, while they could not but applaud the blessed effects of his virtue, labored to depreciate the cause: the Savior of the whole world, whom perhaps of human creatures he most correctly imitated, had the same; and to resemble his divine example, even in the wrongs that were heaped on his sacred head, is rather glory than shame.

He was singular in many of the common habits of life: for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linen and cloaths, to dry ones; and both rising and going to bed, swathed himself with coarse towels dipped in the coldest water he could get; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries: nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as depended on himself, for six and twenty years. He never continued at a place, or with a person a day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his whole life; and he had not, the last sixteen years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh, or fowl; nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rusks, all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison, from one groupe of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage, he would ride, and where that was hazardous, he would walk; Such a thing

thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

There are those who, conscious of wanting in themselves what they envy in others, brand this victorious determination of suffering no let or hindrance to stop him from keeping on in the right way as madness. Ah! my friend, how much better would it be for their neighbours, and for society, were they half as mad. Distractions they doubtless have, but it is to be feared, not half so friendly to the interests of human kind. But indeed, all enthusiasm of virtue is deemed romantic excentricity, by the cold hearted.

With respect to Mr. Howard's personal singularities above described, though they were certainly hazardous experiments in the first instance, it was not useless for a man who had pre-resolved to set his face against wind and weather; and after passing all sorts of unhealthy climes, to descend into the realms of disease and death to make them.

Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the fury of the plague in Constantinople, he favored me with a morning visit in London; the weather was so very terrible, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own sake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock in my room struck it, he entered; the wet, for it rained torrents, dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landed from its washing. He would not even have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure, and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry clothes.

"Yes," said he, smiling, "I had my fears as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehensions, about a little rain water, which, though it does not run from off my back as it does from that of a duck, goose, or any other aquatic bird, does me as little injury; and, after a long drought, is scarcely less refreshing. The coat I have now on, has been as often wetted through, as any duck's in the world, and indeed gets no other cleaning. I do assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broad cloth in the universe. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who, being familiar with storms and hurricanes, necessity and nakedness, are a thousand times, so forcible is habit, less to be compassionate than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebling refinements of feathers by night, and fires by day, are taught to feel like the puny creature stigmatized by Pope, "who shivered at a breeze." All this is the work of art, my good friend; nature is more independent of external circumstances. Nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her with indulgencies from the moment we come into the world; a soft dress and a soft cradle begin our education in luxuries, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified: on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe, as it were, in fire, avoid a tempest which sweetens the air, as we would a blast that putrifies it, and guarding every crevice from an unwholesome

some breeze, when it is the most elastic and bracing, lie down upon a bed of feathers, that relax the system more than a night's lodging upon flint stones.

"You smile," added Mr. Howard, after a pause, "but I am a living instance of the truths I insist on. A more puny whiffler than myself, in the days of my youth, was never seen; I could not walk out an evening without wrapping up; if I got wet in the feet, a cold succeeded. I could not put on my shirt without its being aired. I was politely enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and was occasionally troubled with a very genteel hectic. To be serious, I am convinced what emasculates the body, debilitates the mind, and renders them unfit for those exertions, which are of such use to us as social beings. I therefore entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapors, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior to this, I used to be a miserable dependent on wind and weather; a little too much of either would postpone, and frequently prevent, not only my amusements, but my duties; and every one knows, that a pleasure or a duty deferred, is often destroyed. Procrastination you verily justly called the thief of time. And if pressed by my affections, or by the necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in despite of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and incommodious, nor seldom afflictive. I muffled up even to my nostrils; a crack in the glass of my chaise was sufficient to distress me. A sudden slope of the wheels to the right or left, set me a trembling; a jolt seemed like

dislocation; and the sight of a bank, or precipice, near which my horse or carriage was to pass, would disorder me so much, that I would order the driver to stop, that I might get out and walk by the difficult places. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials, and great fires were to comfort me, and keep out the cold, as it is called, at every stage; and if I felt the least damp in my feet, or other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, &c. were to be instantly put on; the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot going to bed; and before I pursued my journey the next morning, a dram was to be swallowed down to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease.

"Every man, continued Mr. Howard, must in these cases, be his own physician. He must prescribe for, and practise on himself. I did this by a very simple, but, as you will think, a very severe regimen; namely, by denying myself almost every thing in which I had long indulged. But, as it is always much harder to get rid of a bad habit than to contract it, I entered on my reform gradually; that is to say, I began to diminish my usual indulgencies by degrees. I found that a heavy meal, or a hearty one, as it is termed, and a cheerful glass, that is to say, one more than does you good, made me incapable, or, at best, disinclined to any useful exertions for some hours after dinner; and if the diluting powers of tea assisted the work of a disturbed digestion, so far as to restore my faculties, a luxurious supper comes so close upon it, that I was fit for nothing but dissipation till I went to a luxurious  
bed



bed, where I finished the enervating practices by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a dozen hours on the stretch. You will not wonder that I rose the next morning with the solids relaxed, the nerves unstrung, the juices thickened, and the constitution weakened. To remedy all this, I ate a little less at every meal, and reduced my drink in proportion. It is really wonderful to consider how imperceptible a single mouthful of animal food, and a tea-spoonful of liquor, deducted from the usual quantity daily, will restore the mental functions without any injury to the corporeal: nay, with increase of vigor to both. I brought myself in the first instance from dining upon many dishes, to dining on a few, and then to being satisfied with one; in like manner, instead of drinking a variety of wines, I made my election of a single sort, and adhered to it alone.

"In the next place—but I shall tire you."

I entreated him to go on, till I either shewed by words or actions that I was weary.

He proceeded thus: "My next business was to eat and drink sparingly of that adopted dish and bottle. My ease, vivacity and spirits augmented. My clothing, &c. underwent a similar reform; the effect of all which is, and has been for many years, that I am neither affected by seeing my carriage dragged up a mountain, or driven down a valley. If any accident happens, I am prepared for it, I mean so far as respects unnecessary terrors; and I am proof against all changes in the atmosphere, wet clothes, wet feet, night air, damp beds, damp houses transitions from heat to cold, and

the long train of hypochondriac affections.

"Believe me, we are too apt to invert the remedies which we ought to prescribe to ourselves. For instance, we are forever giving hot things when we should administer cold. On my going down to my house last week, in Bedfordshire, the overseer of my grounds met me with a pail full of comfortable things, as he call'd them, which he was carrying to one of my cows, which was afflicted sorely with what he called a *racketty* complaint in her bowels. I ordered him to throw away his pail of comfort, and to take to the poor beast a pail of cold water. Cold water! your honor! exclaimed the man, with every mark of consternation—why she is in such a *desperations* pain, that I don't think a bucket of sheer brandy would have any more effect upon her than if I were to pour it against a dead wall. No matter for that said I, take her a pail of water! Suppose, honest friend, she had all her life run wild in a forest, and fell into the sickness under which she now labors, dost thou think that Nature would ever carry the the hot comforts you have got in that pail? Nature, your honor! but, with submission, Nature must, when either man or beast is sick, be clapped on the back a little; if not, Nature will let them die. Not she, truly, if they are recoverable she will, on the contrary, make them well. Depend upon it, she is the best physician in the world, tho' she has not taken her degrees in the college; and so make haste to throw away what is now in your pail, and fill it as I directed; for whether my cow die or live, she shall have nothing but grass, and cold



cold water. Though the poor fellow dared not any longer resist, I could see plainly that he put me down as having lost not only my senses, but my humanity. However, the cure did very well; and I am satisfied that if we were to trust more to Nature, and suffer her to supply her own remedies to cure her own diseases, the formidable catalogue of human maladies would be reduced to a third of the present number. Dr. Sydenham, I think, reckons sixty different kinds of fevers; for example, of these I cannot suppose less than fifty are either brought about or rendered worse by misapplication of improper remedies, or by our own violations of the laws of nature. And the same I take it may be said of other disorders."

He now pulled out his watch, telling me he had an engagement at half past one; that he had about three quarters of a mile to walk it, that, as he could do this in twenty minutes, and as it then wanted seven minutes and a half of one, he had exactly time enough to spare to state the object of his visit to me—which is to thank you very sincerely (said he, taking my hand) for the honor you have done me in your verses. I read them merely as a composition in which the poetical licence had been used to the utmost. Poets, you know, my dear Sir, always succeed best in fiction.

You will see by this conversation, that it was about the time when the English nation had been emulous of commemorating their respect for this great and good man by erecting a statue towards which I had contributed my mite by devoting to the fund the profits of my little poem called the

Triumph of Benevolence; and while I am touched very sensibly with even the recollection of the public favor which crowned this little work, I very sincerely attribute a great deal of its success to the popularity of a subject in which every lover of humanity took such an interest.

In reply to Mr. Howard, I assured him that he ought to be, and doubtless was conscious, the liberty allowed a poet was never more unnecessary, or less made use of than on the occasion alluded to; and that if an agreeable fiction was any test of the poetical art, I could pretend to none, from having very closely, as his heart could not but, at that moment tell him, adhered to truth; and that I assured myself he would admit that truth was the same whether expressed in prose or verse. I added, it was my earnest hope that there was no ground for an idea that had gone forth, of his refusing the offering of gratitude which his country were preparing for him.

"Indeed but there is," answered he with the most lively earnestness. "I was never more serious than in my refusal of any and every such offering, and for the simplest reason in the world, namely my having no manner of claim to it. What I do, have done, or may hereafter do, has been, and will always be, matter of inclination, the gratifying of which always pays itself; and I have no more merit in employing my time and money in the way I am known to do, than another man in other occupations. Instead of taking pleasure in a pack of hounds, in social entertainments, in a fine stud of horses, and in many other similar satisfactions. I have made my election of differ-

ent pursuits ; and being fully persuaded a man's own gratifications are always more or less involved in other people's, I feel no desire to change with any man ; and yet I can see no manner of pretension whereon to found a statue ; besides which, I have a most unconquerable aversion, and ever had, to have public exhibitions made of me, insomuch that, I protest to you, it has cost me a great deal of trouble, and some money, to make this insignificant form and ugly face escape a pack of draughtsmen, painters, &c. that are lying in wait for me."

[After noticing some ineffectual attempts to obtain a likeness of him, Mr. Pratt adds :

You will doubtless throw these fallies amongst his singularities, but they are by no means to be stigmatized as affectations. From a very intent observation of Mr.

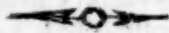
Howard, I am perfectly satisfied, that as he had but few who acted like himself, the proportion of those who felt in the same way the ordinary result of such actions were not greater. That he was insensible to honest praise cannot be supposed, without depriving him of emotions which the most ingenuous modesty may indulge, and which are indeed amongst the most natural pleasures of the human mind ; but to court the reputation of benevolence, by suffering the lucre of it to mix with any of its motives, or still worse, to make it, as alas ! too many people do, a first great cause of being bountiful, argues an envy or a depravity in those who impute to him such vanities. In a word, if ever a human being could be truly said to "do good and blush to find it fame," it was the late Mr. John Howard,



## ADVENTURE

*In the CONVENT of CARMELITES at AUGSBURG :—*

From CAMPBELL's journey over land to INDIA.



FOR the reasons mentioned in my last, Augsburg is a most agreeable place to live in. Touched with the sensations natural to a man who loved to see his fellow creatures happy, my heart expanded to a system of peace and harmony, comprehending the whole globe : my mind expatiated voluntarily on the blessings and advantages derived from such a system ; and taking flight from the bounds of practicability, to which our feeble nature is pinned on this

earth, into the regions of fancy, had reared a fabric of Utopian mould, which I verily believe, exceeded in extravagance the works of all the Utopian architects that ever constructed castles in the air.

Hurried on by this delightful vision, my person paid an involuntary obedience to my mind ; and the quickness of my pace increasing with the impetuosity of my thoughts, I found myself, before I was aware of it, within the chapel-door of the Convent of Carmelites. Observing

ing my error, I suddenly turned about, in order to depart, when a Friar, a goodly person of a man, elderly, and of benign aspect, called me, and, advancing towards me, asked me, in terms of politeness, and in French language, why I was returning so abruptly—I was confused: but truth is the enemy before whom confusion ever flies; and I told him the whole of the mistake, and the thoughts from which they arose.

The good father waving further discourse on the subject, but with a smile which I thought carried a mixture of benevolence for myself, and contempt for my ideas, bro't me through the church, and shewed me all the curiosities of the place; and particularly pointed out to me as a great curiosity, a sun-dial made in the form of a Madonna, the head enriched with rays and stars, and in the hand a sceptre which marked the hours.

Quitting the Chapel, and going towards the Refectory, the Friar stood; and looking at me with a smile of gaiety, said, "I have yet something to shew you, which, while lady Madonna marks the time, will help us to pass it; and as it will make its way with more force and subtilty to your senses than those I have shewn you, will be likely to be longer retained in remembrance."

He spoke a few words in German, which of course I did not understand, to a vision bearing the shape of a human creature, who I understood, was a lay-brother, and turning down a long alley, bro't me to his cell, where we were soon followed by the aforesaid lay-brother, with a large earthen jug of liquor, two glasses, and a plate with some delicately white biscuit.

"You must know," said the father, "that the convent of Carmelites at Augsburg has for ages been fam'd for beer unequalled in any part of the world; and I have brought you here to have your opinion—for, being an Englishman, you must be a judge, the Britons being fam'd for luxury, and a perfect knowledge of the *scavoir-vivre*." He poured out and drank to me: it looked more like the clearest Champagne than beer,—I never tasted any thing to equal it; and he seemed highly gratified by my expression of praise, which I lavished upon it as well from politeness, as regard to truth.

"After we had drank a glass each," I have been reflecting, said the Friar, on the singular flight of fancy that directed your steps into this Convent—Your mind was diseased, my son! and a propitious unerring power has guided your steps to a physician, if you will but have the goodness to take the medicine he offers."

I started with visible marks of astonishment.

"You are surprized," continued he, "but you shall hear! When first you disclosed to me those sickly flights of your mind, I could on the instant have answered them: but you are young—you are an Englishman—two characters impatient of reproof: the dogmas of a priest, I thought therefore, would be sufficiently difficult to be digested of themselves, without any additional distaste, caught from the distilling austerity of a chapel."

I looked unintentionally at the earthen jug, and smiled.

"It is very true," said he, "catching my very inmost thoughts from the expression of my countenance—"it is very true; good doctrine,



doctrine, may, at certain times and with certain persons, be more effectually enforced under the cheering influence of the social board, than by the authoritative declamation and formal sanctity of the pulpit; nor am I though a Carmelite, one of those who pretended to think, that a thing in itself good, can be made bad by decent hilarity, and the animation produced by a moderate and wise use of the goods of this earth."

I was astonished—

"You fell into a reverie," continued he, "produced by a contemplation of the happiness of a society existing without any difference, and where no human breath should be vested on a sigh, nor ear tortured with a groan, no tears to trickle, no griefs or calamities to wring the heart."

"Yes father!" said I catching the idea with my former enthusiasm, that would be my wish—that my greatest first desire."

"Then see'st thou," interrupted he, "the extent of my wish, suppose you could realize it, which, thank God you cannot."

"What! thank God that I cannot? are these your thoughts?"

"Yes, my son; and ere Madonna marks the progress of ten minutes with her sceptre, they will be your's too."

"Impossible!"

"Hear me, my son!—Is not death a horrible precipice to the view of human creatures?"

"Assuredly," said I—"the most horrible: human laws declare that, by resorting to it for punishment, as the ultimatum of terrible inflictions."

"When then," said he, "covered as we are with misery, to leave this world is insupportable to the

human reflection, what must it be if we had nothing but joy and felicity to taste of in this life? Mark me child!" said he, with an animated zeal that gave an expression to his countenance beyond any thing I have ever seen: "the miseries, the calamities the heart rending, and the tears, which are so intimately interwoven by the great Artist in our natures as not to be separated in a single instance, are in the first place our security of a future state and in the next place serve to slope the way before us; and, by gradual operation, fit our minds for viewing with some sort of fortitude, that hideous chasm that lies between us and that state—death. View those miseries, then as special acts of mercy and commiseration of a beneficent creator, who with every calamity, melts away the link of that earthly chain that fetters our wishes to this dismal world. Accept his blessings and his goods, when he sends them, with gratitude and enjoyment: receive his affections, too, with as joyous acceptance, and as hearty gratitude. Thus, and not otherwise you will realize all your Utopian flights of desire, by turning every thing to matter of comfort, and living contented with dispensations which you cannot alter, and if you could, would most certainly alter for the worse."

I sat absorbed in reflection—The Friar, after some pause, proceeded:

"Errors arising from virtuous dispositions and the love of our fellow creatures, take their complexion from their parent motives, and are virtuous. Your wishes, therefore my son! though erroneous, merit reward; and I trust will receive it from that Being who sees the recesses of the heart; and if the truths I have told you have not failed



to make their way to your understanding, let your adventures of to-day impress this undeniable maxim on your mind—so limited is man, so imperfect in his nature, that the extant of his virtue, borders on vice, and the extent of his wisdom on error.”

“I thought he was inspired; and just as he got to the last period, every organ of mine was opened to take in his words.

“Tis well, my son!” said he, “I perceive you like my doctrine: then (changing his manner of speaking, his expressive countenance all the time almost anticipating his whole words) take some more of it,” said he, gaily pouring out a fresh glass. I pleaded the fear of inebriety—“Fear not, said he, the beer of this convent never hurts the intellect.”

Our conversation continued till near dinner time, for I was so delighted, I scarcely knew how to snatch myself away: such a happy *melange* of piety and pleasantry, grave wisdom and humour I had never met. At length, the convent bell tolling, I rose: he took me by the hand, and, in a tone of the most complacent admonition, said, “Remember, my child! as long as you live, remember the

Convent of the Carmelites! and in the innumerable evils that certainly await you, if you are to live long, the words you have heard from old Friar AUGUSTINE will afford you comfort.”

“Father!” returned I, “be assured I carry away a token that will never suffer me to forget the hospitality, the advice, or the politeness of the good father AUGUSTINE. Poor as I am in natural means, I can make no other return than my good wishes, nor leave any impression behind me: but as my esteem for you, and perhaps my vanity, make me wish not to be forgotten, accept this (a seal ring, with a device in hair, which I happened to have on my finger) and whenever you look at it, let it remind you of one of those, I dare say, innumerable instances, in which you have contributed to the happiness and improvement of your fellow creatures.”

“The good old man was affected; took the ring, and attended me to the Convent gate, pronouncing many blessings, and charging me to make Augsburgh my way back again to England if possible, and to take one glass more of the Convent ale.”

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## DESCRIPTION OF ALEPPO,

From CAMPBELL'S journey over land to India.

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“A DISTANT view of Aleppo fills the mind with expectations of great splendor and magnificence. The mosques, the towers, the large range of houses with flat roofs, rising above each other, according to the sloping hills on

which they stand, the whole variegated with beautiful rows of trees, form all together a scene magnificent, gay and delightful; but, on entering the town, all these expected beauties vanish, and leave nothing in the streets to meet the eye,

eye, but a dismal succession of high stone walls, gloomy as the recesses of a convent or state prison, or unenlivened by windows, embellished as with us, by "the human face divine." The streets themselves, not wider than some of the meanest alleys in London, overcast by the height of the prison-houses on either side, are rendered still more formidably gloomy by the solitude and silence that pervade them; while here and there a lattice towards the top, barely visible, strikes the soul with the gloomy idea of thralldom, coercion, and imprisonment.

"This detestable mode of building, which owes its origin to jealousy, and the scandalous restraints every man is empowered by the laws and religion of the place to impose upon the women, consigned either by sale or birth to his tyranny, extends not to the inside of the houses, many of which are magnificent and handsome, and all admirably suited to the exigencies of the climate, and the domestic customs and manner of living of the inhabitants.

"The city is adorned, it is true, here and there, with mosques and appendant towers, called minarets, from which cryers call the Faithful to prayers; and in some of the streets built at certain distances from each other, so as to carry the eye directly through them, and form a vista of considerable grandeur: but all these are far from sufficient to counterbalance the general aspect of gloominess and solitude which reigns over the whole, and renders it so peculiarly disgusting, particularly at first sight.

"The mosques (Mahomedan temples) are extremely numerous in this city; indeed almost as much as churches and convents in the

Popish countries of Christendom. There is nothing in their external appearance to attract the notice of the traveller, or indulge the eye of the architect; they are almost all of one form—an oblong quadrangle: and as to the inside, I never had an opportunity of seeing one; none but Mussulmen being permitted to enter them, at least, at Aleppo.

"The next buildings of a public kind to the mosques, that deserve to be particularly mentioned, are the caravanseras, buildings which, whether we consider the spirit of beneficence and charity that first suggested them, their natural importance, or rather extensive utility may rank, though not in splendor of appearance, at least in true value, with any to be found in the world.

"Caravanseras were originally intended for, and are now pretty generally applied to, the accommodation of strangers and travellers, though, like every other good institution, sometimes perverted to the purposes of private emolument or public job; they are built at proper distances through the roads of the Turkish dominions, and afford the indigent or weary traveller an asylum from the inclemency of the weather; in general very large and built of the most solid and durable materials; have commonly one story above the ground floor, the lower of which is arched, and serves for warehouses to stow goods, for lodgings, and for stables, while the upper is used merely for lodging; besides which they are always accommodated with a fountain, and have cook-shops and other conveniences to supply the wants of the lodgers.—In Aleppo, the caravanseras are almost exclusively occupied by merchants,

chants, to whom they are, like other houses, rented.

"The suburbs of Aleppo, and the surrounding country, are very handsome, pleasant, and, to a person coming out of the gloomy city, in some respects interesting. Some tossed about into hill and valley lie under the hands of the husbandman; others are covered with handsome villas; and others again laid out in gardens, whither the people of Aleppo occasionally resort for amusement.

"The roofs of all the houses are flat, and formed of a composition which resists the weather effectually. On those most of the people sleep in very hot weather: they are separated from each other by walls; but the Franks, who live contiguous to one another, and who, from their disagreeable circumstances, with regard to the Turks, are under the necessity of keeping up a friendly and harmonious intercourse together, have doors of communication, which are attended with these fortunate and pleasing advantages, that they can make a large circuit without descending into the streets, and can visit each other during the plague, without running the risk of catching the affection by going among the natives below.

"There is a castle in the city, which I had nearly forgotten to mention—the natives conceive it

to be a place of great strength. It could not, however, withstand the shock of a few pieces of ordnance for a day. It is esteemed a favor to be permitted to see it; and there is nothing to recompense one for the trouble of obtaining permission, unless it be the prospect of the surrounding country, which from the battlements is extensive and beautiful.

"Near this castle stands the Seraglio, a large old building, where the bashaw of Aleppo resides; the whole of it seemed to me to be kept in very bad repair, considering the importance of the place. It is surrounded by a strong wall of great height; beside which its contiguity to the castle is very convenient; as, in case of popular tumults or intestine commotions, the bashaw finds an asylum in the latter, which commands and overawes the city, and is never without a numerous garrison under the command of an Aga.

"Such is the summary account I have been able to collect of Aleppo, the capital of Syria, which, mean though it is when compared with the capitals of European countries, is certainly the third city for splendor, magnificence, and importance, in the vast extent of the Ottoman Empire—Constantinople and Grand Cairo only excelling it in those points, and no other bearing any sort of competition with it."

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## THE TWO KNIGHTS.

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A FRAGMENT.

—IT was a beautiful autumnal evening, and the glorious orb of day had almost finished his durnal career by sinking in

the western sky; when the two knights anxious to reach some inhabited place before the shades of night should set in, spurred on their steeds



steeds with redoubled ardor. They had proceeded a few miles, and were discoursing on different subjects; when loud sounds of lamentation, which seemed to issue from a thick forest on their left hand, checked their speed. As their ears were open to the prayers of the unfortunate, and as the chief motive of their peregrinations was to succour the distressed; they, without hesitation, turned their horses toward the wood, fully determined, before they proceeded farther, to learn the cause of the cries, which so lately had assailed their ears. They alighted at its entrance, and, having tied their horses to a tree on the skirts, walked round, in order to discover a path. After long search, they found one! but it was so choaked up with briars and thorns, that they frequently were obliged to open a way for themselves with their swords. With much difficulty they made considerable progress; but being perplexed which way to conduct themselves, Sir Albert cried with a loud voice. No answer being returned, except a thousand echoes, which repeated his words on every side, he was preparing to cry out again; when, in a moment the whole spot was involved in total darkness. Instead of the gentle Zephyrs, which had before fanned the trees, a cold damp wind blew that pierced the Knights to the heart. They stood some time lost in amazement at the sudden and dismal change which had just taken place; but, reassuming that firmness which had sustained a momentary suspension, they consulted for a short time what course to take. To proceed or to retreat appeared equally difficult: the reflection, however, that they might be the means of rescuing a fellow-creature

from distress, determined them in favor of the former. Scarcely had they taken this resolution, when they perceived a large blue flame sailing in the air; and which, throwing a dismal glare upon every object, served only to render the "darkness visible." After moving about for some time, the Knights perceived it rest on a ruin at a little distance; which, owing to the thick gloom, they had not before observed. They advanced toward it, with all the haste possible, and by the flame descried a castle; which, though apparently once a place of strength, was now mouldering into decay. "Hence, I conceive," cried Sir Godfrey, "proceeded the lamentations; therefore, without hesitation I will explore this ancient building. The shield of virtue is our protection; against it the powers of hell are unable to prevail!—Let us, Sir Albert, endeavor to approach it."

The two knights instantly advancing, soon came to a drawbridge, on which apparently, tho' let down, no human foot had for ages trod. They were both preparing to cross it: when slow and solemn music, which seemed to proceed from the vaults beneath, stole on their ears; they crossed, however, and entered the gate with ease; but were immediately involved in greater perplexity and wonder than ever—the music suddenly ceased; and the light, which had fixed itself on the top, in a moment vanished, leaving them in total obscurity! Sir Albert again raised his voice as before; but instead of being answered by any human articulation, thousands of birds leaving their nests, added much, by their discordant screams, to the awfulness of the scene. Uncertain what to do, the knights seated themselves

themselves on the stones, where they had not sat long, before they were greatly alarmed by the clanking of chains, and the most dreadful howlings, from the vaults beneath them; at the same time, they beheld the flame rise from the middle of the hall and settle itself on the top of a winding stair case. Sir Godfrey and Sir Albert rousing themselves advanced towards it; when a hand, stretching itself from the centre, dropped a huge key, and instantly vanished. Sir Albert snatched it up; while the flame moving from its station, descended down the winding stair case: they followed, and again beheld it fix itself on a door, which ended a long range of vaults. Venturing boldly forward, Sir Albert applied the key to the lock, which they opened; and perceived, at the upper end, a coffin, over which twinkled a small blue light. A momentary sensation of terror now seized them; from which they had scarcely recovered, when lo! the lid of the coffin was suddenly lifted up, and a figure of more than mortal size arose; and, approaching them, thus exclaimed—"To you, O Knights! it is decreed to reveal the mystery of the forest, which has lain concealed for ages past. Take this scroll, and it will inform you!" The Knights fell into a kind of trance; and, on recovering, found themselves in an open plain, with their horses feeding by them. No trace of the castle or forest was to be found: but, perceiving the scroll lying on the ground near them, they opened it, which contained the following account:

CURIOUS INCIDENT,

FROM AULUS GELLIUS.

"It was formerly usual for the Senators of Rome to enter the Senate house accompanied by their

sons, who had taken the prætexta. When something of superior importance was discussed in the Senate, and the farther consideration adjourned to the day following, it was resolved, that no one should divulge the subjects of their debates till it should be formally decreed. The mother of the young Papyrus, who had accompanied his father to the Senate-house, inquired of her son, what the Senators had been doing. The youth replied, that he had been enjoined silence, and was not at liberty to say. The woman became more anxious to know: the secretness of the thing, and the silence of the youth did but inflame her curiosity; she, therefore, urged him with the more vehement earnestness. The young man, on the importunity of his mother determined on a humorous and pleasant fallacy; he said it was discussed in the Senate, which would be most beneficial to the state, for one man to have two wives, or one woman to have two husbands. As soon as she heard this, she was much agitated; and, leaving her house in great trepidation, hastened to tell the other matrons what she had learned. The next day, a troop of matrons went to the Senate house; and, with tears and entreaties, implored that one woman might be suffered to have two husbands, rather than one man to have two wives. The senators, on entering the house, were astonished, and wondered what this intemperate proceeding of the women, and their petition could mean. The young Papyrus, advancing to the midst of the Senate, explained the importunity of his mother, his answer, and the matter as it was. The senate, delighted with the honor and ingenuity of the youth, decreed that, from that time, no youth,

youth should be suffered to enter the Senate with his father, this Papirius alone excepted. He was afterwards honorably distinguished

by the cognomen of *Prætextatus*, on account of his discretion at such an age."



BRIEF MEMOIRS OF  
**MR. SPILLARD, THE PEDESTRIAN.**

**L**ATELY arrived in Town from Halifax in Nova Scotia, Mr. Spillard, the celebrated pedestrian traveller, so frequently mentioned in the European and American publications. This singular character has been out near twelve years, and has travelled on foot, during that time, the distance of 69,000 miles and upwards, through all Europe, a great part of Asiatic Turkey, through Barbary, up to Mequinez and Fez, in Morocco, and through the Arab's country.

Being desirous to add America to the other three quarters of the world, he took passage from Gibraltar, about six years ago, for Boston, and has travelled, during that time, through all the United States, through East Florida, and from the river St. Mary's through the wilderness to the Lower and Upper Creek nation, where he was kindly received by his friend, Col. Magillivray. Being protected by him, he remained there for a considerable time, and was furnished by that gentleman, with notes of that nation, of Indian manners and customs. From the Creeks he visited the Chickasaw, Cherokee, and Choctaw nations of Indians, and was always present at their councils and talks.

From the Creek nation, he proceeded to Pensacola, in East Florida, where he procured letters of

recommendation from Governor O'Neal, in the Spanish service, and also from Mr. William Pantou, merchant of that place, to the Baron de Carondelet, at New Orleans, the present Governor of Louisiana, who, contrary to Mr. Spillard's expectation, as well as those of his friends, very politely received him, and not only gave him a general passport, but likewise letters of recommendation to the Governor of the Natchez, and to all the commandants of districts and out-posts in this extensive province.

Mr. Spillard's intention being to go up the Messura river to its source, he set out from New Orleans, accompanied by some gentlemen, who would insist upon seeing him as far as the post of the Walnut hills. There he crossed the Mississippi river with six men in his company, and went up it till he came to the confluence of the Messura with the Mississippi. Having got up the Messura a distance of more than 2000 miles, he fell in with six white hunters, from the Oucheta river, who advised him not to attempt going up any farther, as they themselves were out three years hunting, and lost all their peltry and horses, and narrowly escaped with their lives from the Ouza Indians, who never gave any quarter to either red or white men: and that the party who went up that river to explore it, under



under Governor Mure's directions, were all killed.

Thus deterred, he came down to Natchez, and soon after went down the Mississippi, till he came to the confluence of the Red River, the source of which he was determined to find out at all events. He accordingly went up as far as Aenoilife, where he parted with his canoe, and struck off to Oppalusa, which, as well as Atakapau and New Iberia, he carefully examined. Here he struck across the mountains to Nachitoches, which is the last Spanish port upon the Red River. Previous to leaving New Orleans, the Governor gave him letters to the Governor of the province of Thikoss, in New Spain, where he arrived at the city of St. Antonine in a month after his departure from Nachitoches. The Governor, Dr. John Curtiss, received him politely, and, after resting a few days, gave him a small guard as an escort to the south mountain of Santalee. Here he fell in with the south branch of the Red River, which he continued down till he came to the North branch, and so continued along its banks in the great plains till he came to the Pawnee nation of Indians, and on to the Cansee Indi-

ans, continuing his route till he arrived again at Nachitoches, and so down to the mouth of the river.

There are many rivers which fall into the Red River, such as the False, Oucheta, Muddy River, the Acomachee, or the River of the Mene, Little River, and Black River, with the Oucheta, falls into it, just twenty leagues from the Mississippi. The Red River water is very unwholesome, from its salt taste; it is also very muddy and rapid.

Mr. Spillard is the first person who has ever taken a draught of this river from its source. From the mountains of Santafee, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance, with its windings, little short of 4000 miles.

We are sorry to hear that this gentleman, in attempting to get to England, has been twice captured by French privateers out of Charlestown, and stripped of every thing valuable about him, but had the good fortune to save his journals and notes, which are intended shortly for publication. He came to England in his Majesty's ship the *Thistle*, through the recommendation of his Royal Highness, Prince Edward, at Halifax.

[*London Mag.*]

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## SADAK—AN ORIENTAL TALE.

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IN the imperial city of Schiras, Gem of the Persian empire, and Sun of the East, lived the youthful Sadak, only son and prop of the declining years of the Vizier Amurat. Him had his father educated in all the orders of oriental gallantry, and initiated in the principles of vice and debauchery. He knew how to curb the most

fiery steed; surpass even the eagle in the rapid race; and, with the passing arrow slay the flying deer. He took a particular pleasure in these amusements; and the chace and seraglio were his chief sources of delight.

Thus nurtured in vice, he made a mockery of religion and learning. No readings of Zoroaster had en-  
larged,

larged, or had any philosophy of the Magii tempered, and polished, a naturally capacious understanding. His ideas of heaven were confused; and though he had a lively genius and an engaging air, his discourse was ignorant, barbarous and weak.

One morning when Mithra had scarcely drawn back the curtains of night, and dissipated the gloomy clouds of darkness, Sadak arose, and proceeded with bent bow, to pursue the deer that range the mountains of Persia. The chase began: Sadak impatient and thirsting for glory, was, as usual the first in the course, and lost his companions in the heat of the pursuit.

He had not long enjoyed his delight, and the spires of the towering Schiras had just vanished from his view; when an object, till then little noticed, attracted his attention. It was the beauty of the heavens, and splendor of the skies, that now raised his astonishment. He beheld the sun darting his rays through the rolling clouds, and illuminating the whole of the celestial canopy; the æther was pure, still, and serene; except where thousands of feathered warblers, poised on their airy wings, made the earth echo their divine notes. Sadak was amazed: he let the golden reins fall on the neck of his steed; and, plunged in admiration, surveyed the splendid picture. He had never troubled his mind with any thoughts of his Creator; but conscience now told him, that he derived his existence from a Supreme power. Every Orb, every beam of light, spoke its maker; and Sadak stood half convicted of ignorance and Atheism.

As he was thus lost in thought, and his soul buoyed up in suspense,

his steed, actuated by a divine impulse entered a thick wood that stood adjacent. Sadak, turning his eyes from the heavens, was now struck with the elegance of Nature. The grand sublimity of the first had raised his astonishment; the rural beauty of the latter excited his desire. It was that season, when summer, with all her attributes, visits the earth; and, by her delicious exuberance, delights the heart of man. The trees were bending to the earth with fruits of the most luxuriant growth, and the most exquisite flavor. The ground, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with the richest verdure, diversified by flowrets of every hue, and blooming shrubs in infinite variety. The whole scene was engaging, chaste and delightful. Nature glowed with redoubled charms; and the whole presented a beautiful landscape of rural felicity. The heart of Sadak was ravished; he threw himself from his steed; and, rushing to the fruit with the agility of the mountain eagle, sought only the means to gratify his luxurious palate. A neighbouring cascade served, in the mean time, to slake his thirst, and found responsive to the notes of the birds.

Thus surrounded with pleasure, and environed by delicacies, the heart of Sadak was for a while elate; but, like snow, melting before the rays of Mithra; the scene grew less charming to his eye. His appetite was cloyed, and the fruit no longer delicious; he resolved, therefore; to return home: but alas! he had not noticed his entrance, and could by no means discover any road by which he might retreat. He no sooner broke down one hedge, than another

other appeared before him ; and, as fast as he passed the opposing trees, a myriad of others arose. The whole, in short, was a labyrinth of the most intricate nature. If Sadak felt before pleased at his situation, he now sincerely detested it. Lost in ignorance, he blasphemed the power that constructed his prison ; cursed the hour in which he had entered it ; and, in the height of his fury, exclaimed against his own existence. He had not remained long in this state of despair, when his attention was suddenly attracted by an object that touched his hand. He turned about, furious as the Libyan Tyger, robbed of his prey, and thirsting for revenge ; but lo ! a form that commanded peace stood at his side. It was a sage, whose years seemed to out-number the stars of heaven ; and whose beard, which was whiter than the mountain snow of Mauritania, when driven by the furious wings of the north-east wind, swept his bosom, and fell below his girdle. His eyes, not dimmed by age, darted a poignancy which seemed to cut vice to atoms at the slightest glance ; his whole frame was majestic, and the poverty of his clothing served only to command a superior respect. He had beheld the fury of Sadak ; and, bursting through the bushes caught his hand, and thus addressed him—“ Hush ! O inconsiderate youth ; cease to blaspheme the works of thy Creator ! Knowest thou not that perseverance will vanquish every difficulty ? and though, for a moment thou seemest lost and entangled, remember that there is a God who will help thee, if sincerely desired ? Follow me !” So saying, he gently led the youthful Persian by a path towards the en-

trance, which he had not discovered, while he, ashamed of his past conduct, kept his eyes fixed on the ground, not daring to look up in the face of his benign conductor.

The glade was now before them ; and the domes of the aspiring Schiras rose in sight, as the mounts of Mauritania, half buried in the clouds. The heart of Sadak was overjoyed ; he turned, to thank his conductor : but it seemed not him that he beheld. His aged body, bent with years and infirmities, was changed into an aerial frame endowed with sprightliness and activity. His face no more appeared a rugged field, which the plowshare of Time had filled with furrows ; but a celestial countenance beamed like the resplendent sun. Instead of clothes tattered and coarse, two feathered pinions bent with celestial grace on his shoulders ; and the figure of a hoary sage was transformed to that of an empyreal cherub, surrounded by glory, and replete with the effulgence of Heaven. Sadak was confounded : the ground seemed to shake beneath his feet ; his knees smote each other ; and his whole frame, laboring in convulsive agonies, fell vigorous to the ground : when a voice, softer than the breath of Zephyrs, bearing the odoriferous spices of Arabia, thus addressed him—“ Arise, O Sadak ! Lift thy body from the earth, and hearken to the voice of Wisdom. No more be lulled to slumber in the manacles of Vice, and disdain the chains of Impiety. I am a minister of the Almighty, sent from the mansions of the blessed, to reveal to thy chaotick mind the Allegory of this day’s adventures, which point out the errors of thy life. Attend, O youth, open thine ears to Virtue, and be no more



more the slave of ignorance. The chase you this morning commenced free, and joyful as the soaring lark begins her course: so was you born. Your mind was unimpressed by care, and unloaded with sin; you beheld the splendor of Heaven, and the glory of the upper regions; but they could not charm you sufficiently to impress the steadfast belief of an over-ruling Power; neither could your birth and preservation from numberless dangers, elevate your heart to the grateful adoration of your heavenly maker: but, as the fruit by its beauteous hue, and delicious taste, led you to eat and indulge your appetite, unsuspecting of danger, so did vicious pursuits draw your affection to them, by displaying the chains of sin covered with the flowers of pleasure. What was the result? In the wood you was lost and entangled; and in life you have been satiated with joys, that cloyed as they became familiar. You attempted to drown the sense of satiety by plunging deeper in vice, and hurrying from the seraglio to the chase, or some other ignorant and wicked enjoyment. Had you then abandoned pleasure, and attended to truth, you would have reached a pinnacle of unknown-happiness; but as, during your profane and blasphemous execrations in the wood, you perceived not the path by which I easily led you out; neither could you discern, in your career of vice, the road formed by morality, which would have conducted you to everlasting bliss. May I, my son, conclude my parallel, by adding, that, as I have led you from the bosom of a mazy wood; so your soul, enlightened by my words, will rise, freed from the fet-

ters of ignorance, the manacles of sin, and the chains of licentiousness to praise, with myriads of the legions of heaven, the beneficent Creator of all existence, and the liberal dispenser of every good.

"My mission is now expired: yet, ere I go, let me initiate thee, O youth! in the precepts of virtue. Avoid malice, envy and detraction; hate lasciviousness, love chastity; detest voluptuousness, effimacy, and luxury; but adore temperance, vigor, and humility. Aim not at pomp and grandeur, that passes away like the wind; but delight in acts of charity, which will afford the mind a pleasure of more stability. Be it thy care, O Persian! not to swell the fiery blast of contention, against whomsoever raised; but rather, to allay the fury of the spiteful, and believe me, dear youth, if thou diligently followest these rules, and zealously pursuest the walks of virtue, a hoary head, crowned with content, will succeed a youthful one environed with peace, and endowed with virtue."

As he thus spoke, even as the last sentence sounded in the ear of Sadak, a cloud arose from the earth, like the morning dew; and, spreading its aerial substance beneath his feet, gently uplifted him to the opening heavens. The whole atmosphere was perfumed, with a fragrance far sweeter than the aromatic gales of Arabia; while an awful and tremendous roll of thunder, on the right, announced the success of the heavenly embassy.

Sadak arose; his heart impressed with virtue and wisdom; and, leaving his pompous palace, he passed a life of piety and peace, in a humble cottage.

J. J.

ORIGINAL

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

## VENATOR, No. 4.

" Utque solebamus consumere longa loquendo  
 " Tempora, sermoni deficienti die;  
 " Sic ferat ac referat tacitas litera voces,  
 " Et peragant linguæ charta, manusque vices."

OVID.

" Let us who oft have prattled down the day,  
 " Each glowing thought in faithful lines convey;  
 " While the true sheet and tattling pen supplies,  
 " The force of speech, the eloquence of eyes.

ENDYMION.

THE friend who has so beautifully echoed the the sentiments of Ovid in the above passage, lately communicated, for my perusal, a file of papers; among which was the epistolary intercourse between himself and Monimius. The letters of Endymion were so perfect specimens, of what I conceive to be the ultimatum of excellence in that kind of composition, that I stole from them a number of passages which were not of a private or confidential nature; and shall involve my readers in a share of the *guilt*; not doubting but they will gladly receive so rich a treasure.

The series of letters, whose contents afforded me so much pleasure, begins after an interruption of some few months; by the expectation of each, that the other would first commence. Endymion seized a moment, "when feeling swelled at the barrel, and fancy fluttered

on the feather of his quill; and the name of Monimius grew beneath its stroke." From this quill whose productions unite the brilliancy of *fancy*, the glow of *feeling*, and the inspiration of genius, the remainder of this number will be borrowed.

"When sensibility and memory wind up the heart strings, and friendship gives them a gentle touch, they will return a pleasing, interesting note. Let me then forget that I am sick, while I scribble to my brother; and in order to write gaily while every pulse beats with tardy regret, let me call anticipation to be my *barmaid*; and *swig* so deep from her *cup*, as to forget present time and real place, and be jovial in fancy, with you in walls, former witnesses of our liberal enjoyments.

"The answer then to those kind enquiries, which friendship sees in your countenance, and to whose

whose eye they are only visible, apathy gazes at them in ignorance as a school boy at characters; let me inform my Monimius that his fraternal confidence has yielded me the purest delight. Here had imagination's wing not long since flagged, I would lavish a profusion of congratulatory strains on your platonic attachment. But I can only sincerely hope "that female friendship may continue to give a zest to your enjoyments," till in the *crucible* of passion it be *sublimated* into LOVE.

"Upon the receipt of your favor, I lamented that I had, but five minutes before, transmitted to you my last letter; in which I preached to an innocent correspondent, the duty of punctuality. But why do assume the apologetical style when scribbling to you; who knowest that my impertinence proceeded only from a desire of something more than silent friendship. For know, that in my valley uncheered by one ray of warm affection, that the notes of M. have inspired hilarity. Think of this; and know too that some of former friends have perhaps become indifferent to me in their hearts, while others are palsied in their hands; and you will not wonder if I wish for punctuality from him, to whom in the hours of philosophizing, enthusiasm, and joviality I flew from the society of numerous other associates.

"Be not anxious for your friend on account of his *penferosus*; and cease to solicit him to suppress one emotion, when he gives the pen to feeling. We have mutually promised to write our *volunteer* sentiments; unstudied, and just from the heart. You have set me an example of confidence, which will

warrant mine; yet were you secret as night your ardent amity would compel me to break the silence of distrust. Let us therefore transcribe for each other's perusal the feelings of the moment, whatever they may be. Let us, by mutual exertions to encrease each other's pleasures, obliterate all regret for the late interruption of our intercourse; and by frequent remittances of the bills of friendship, which are draughts on the bank of happiness, encrease the fund of our enjoyments. And while unawed by doubt, unrestrained by fear, we interchange our thoughts, our feelings, and our prospects; while, as you express it, we "are open as day," let us be honest to each other as the tongue of conscience. From ourselves we continually receive the adulation of vanity; and "the mental mirror cannot justly reflect itself." Form an ingenuous friend only, can we receive the censure of candor, the true representation of the linaments of the mind and conduct. Be then to me that frank brother, and I will be so likewise to you: when we confide our thoughts to the retentive sheet, let us trust it with our whole mind; and while we love to praise, let us *dare to censure him who dares to err*. The inducements are strong; reflection will find an apology for the bluntness of honesty, in the warmth of esteem. Although the free and candid censor, is ever the true friend; the converse will not hold true. Amity and candor have too much become strangers to each other, in the circles of the fashionable world. This world and its bad customs, we disclaim, and in my opinion, the man who is allured by congeniality of disposition, or the love of another's virtues, to possess himself a friend,



friend, should be emboldened by a knowledge of his intimate's character, and excited by the ardor of his affection to become a monitor. The reproofs of friendship while they pain, endear their authors, and if they correct our faults, reflection will heal those wounds they make upon our feelings. Should they even prune the exuberance of enthusiastic affection they will leave rational esteem, to flourish in luxuriance. Let then the romantic sentimentalist, the paradoxical novelist, in vain direct us to love the foibles of friends; the dictates of reason urge us to endeavor to pluck from his eye the solitary mote, if one should appear to diminish its lustre! so that in the speculum of truth, he may appear a bright sun of virtue, without a single spot upon his disc.

"To commence then my *Mentorship* I will observe on a passage of your last, that

"The youth who once deliberates, is lost.

"But the same addition, (as great an authority with the moralist, as Coke is with the disciple of the law) has also observed, that

"When love's well tim'd 'tis not a fault to love."

"Think not therefore that my intention is to chide you; No; while I would urge on you activity and fortitude in the sacred profession you have chosen, and dispel every fear which past misfortunes or diffidence may raise; while he would solicit you not to indulge despondence nor let "your tired fancy exhibit in the perspective of future life but the obstacles of adversity to impede your course," he would felicitate you on the acquisition of such a *friend*. If therefore you take up your pen in a moment of exultance, fear not to tell me that you have just been blest

with the smiles of your AMANDA. If at any time a sigh should escape her angel bosom, a tear suffuse her mild eye, or any *unjust* sorrow befall her, and thereby throw a shade of melancholy over all the scenes of memory, and prospects of fancy let me also know it. Describe to me the pleasures and the pains, which imagination and sensibility produce, and I will faithfully participate in both; while, like a true "Mentor," I will in appearance laugh at your feelings and your phantasies; and with the semblance of philosophy, in the style of stoicism, will repeat

"Alas my friend I'd guide you to your safety."

"You desire farther particulars of my locality; and desire me again to light up smiles in a countenance which was wont to be gay. But, Monimus, sensibility, nourished by solitude, carries her delicacy to a romantic height; and needs a more than commonly refined taste to confine her within extremes. Thus affected, thus controuled, I must feel with the keenness of a Werter, and you must suffer me as on the lute of melancholy, to breathe notes as pensive as the languor of my soul. While, as you inform me, "the midnight hears your sighs in that sacred cemetery, which is bounded by the stream of A\*\*\*\*m," your friend is wandering beside the bubbling Nashua, as solemn, in appearance, as the speechless mimic forest of the stream; but in heart, altho' not in the "hey day" of enjoyment, as cheerful as the moon-beam which sports upon its waves.

"Should I now proceed to tell my brother of the joys I have lately felt; perhaps he would either criminate my inconstancy, or doubt my veracity. But the latter

ter charge would be unjust, and let me declare to you that I believe the former is unreasonable. True it is that the object of my affection an exalted character is ever the same; and therefore, though I, should, in the course of a year, pay the attentions of esteem to twenty different females, unequally elevated on the scale of excellence; I should only prove the constancy of my affection to the *fairest of the fair*. Thus, therefore, do I argue and reconcile myself to bring content with the *friendship* of a former, while at some new and more engaging beauty

"I gaze to love, to languish, and to sigh."

"In a letter, which I received a few days since from one of our common friends, he boldly accuses me of being a fop, a pedant, and a fool. My wearing a pudding is the ground of his first charge; the stiffness of my style, he says, convicts me of pedantry; and my writing on a folio proves that I have as much arrogance as nonsense. This last hint, you may notice has not been thrown away; and although I still wear a pudding, and may be a little quakerish in my diction, I wish not to be considered as a Bavius. When I write to you, I wish to be equally distant from the fopling and the fool; and strive that every sentence shall entitle me to the name of man.

I have just received the valuable Centinel, of Wednesday last, which contained an account of the federalism of College. I seized on my glass, in the moment of elevation, and toasted the patriotism of our youth, and the decorum of their convivial commemoration. The occasion recalled the expressive sentiment uttered by one of our

friends, a few months, since, that "dumbness might seize the tongue, "which should dare to utter, and "deafness the ear, which should patiently hear a calumny against "the IMMORTAL WASHINGTON." I saw, also, with the severest pain, in the Orrery that the beautiful and engaging E. had "fallen asleep." I can sympathize with her friends in their woe; for fate has not suffered me so long to live, ignorant of the pain of closing the eyes of dearest friends in death; I alas! have been no stranger to the gloomy church yard; and the name that I bear is but too frequent in the register of those who once were. The watry head there finds a sod, to receive the falling tear; while the blurred eye traces on the new cut stone lines which are silent to half the worth of my departed friends. Thank heaven, however, they are not wholly dead to me; for I can contemplate their virtues through the day; and in the night, when nature sinks to rest, I frequently hold converse with the the sleepers of the tomb. You see I treat you as a brother, who will not only join me in my pleasures, but blend his sighs with mine; one who wishes not only to know with what roses I am regaled, what flowers I cull in the path of life; but also with what thorns I am wounded. Peculiarly happy am I to find, that you consider me as taking the same interest in your concerns. Whatever gives a new turn to your life, or casts a new shade or light on your way, let me know it; and I will "rejoice with you when you rejoice, and mourn with you when you mourn." I have lately been engaged rather in confirming my belief of christianity, than in acquiring human science. I have read Paley's and Ad-

dison's

disen's masterly productions ; and will study any others which may be recommended. Yes, Christ " was indeed the son of GOD."

" The tribute of your muse occasioned by the departure of the friend of Amanda, reminds me again to solicit you to inform me who is the accomplished NARCIS-SA. Happy Monimius ! to be acquainted with this favorite of ge-

nus and taste ; but unhappy that thy wishes and those of every reader of the Massachusetts Magazine cannot prevail on the American SMITH to resume the harmonic lyre.

" I will conclude this *folio* with a few lines extracted from a letter, which I wrote to you the other night, " in all the fa<sup>l</sup> prolixity of verse."

" Come night, more pleasing than the brightest day,  
" When fancy gives, what absence takes away."

Then, hand in hand with you, I range the mead  
Where we have oft, and other friends now tread ;  
While blithe discourse with sentiment is fraught,  
And every step's enliven'd by a thought.  
Then too, by bland imagination led,  
I meet, I clasp, my charming fair one's shade ;  
On yielded cheeks, the proofs of passion press,  
And nurture kindness by a warm caress.  
Converse with her, I long to call my wife,  
And with that friend, who gives new joys to life.  
While thus in fancy blest, I only mourn  
My bliss is but a dream, and seldom will return.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

THE SPECULATOR, No. XVII.

*Continued from page 206.*

Can music's voice, can beauty's eye,  
Can painting's glowing hand supply  
A charm so suited to my mind,  
As blows this hollow gust of wind,  
As drops this little weeping rill,  
Soft tinkling down the moist grown hill,  
While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,  
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray ?

MASON.

**T**O meliorate the sufferings of unmerited calamity, to enable us to bear up against the pressure of detraction, and the wreck of ties the most endearing, benevolent Providence hath wisely mingled in the cup of sorrow, drops of

a sweet and soothing nature. If, when the burst of passion dies away : if, when the violence of grief abates, rectitude of conduct & just feeling be possessed, recollection points not the arrow of misfortune, it adds not the horrors of guilt ;



guilt ; no, it gives birth to sensations the most pleasing, sweet, though full of sorrow, melancholy, yet delightful, which soften, and which calm the mind, which heal, and pour balm into the wounded spirit. The man, whose efforts have been liberal and industrious, deserving though unfortunate, whom poverty and oppression, whom calumny and ingratitude have brought low, feels, while conscious innocence dilates his breast, that secret gratulation, that self-approving, and that honest pride which fits him to sustain the pangs of want and neglect ; he finds amid the bitterest misfortunes that virtue still can whisper peace, can comfort, and can bid the wretched smile. Thus, even where penury and distress put on their sternest features, and where the necessities of life are with difficulty procured, even here are found those dear emotions which arise from purity of thought and action ; emotions from whose influence no misery can take away, from whose claim to possession no tyrant can detract, which the guilty being deprived of, sicken and despair, and which he who holds fast is comparatively blest.

But where the mind has been liberally and elegantly cultivated, where much sensibility and strength of passion are present, and the misfortunes occurring, turn upon the loss of some tender and beloved connection, in this case what may be called the luxury of grief is more fully and exquisitely displayed. That mild and gentle sorrow, which, in the bosom of the good, and of the feeling, succeeds the strong energies of grief, is of a nature so soothing and grateful, so friendly to the soft emotions of the soul, that those, whose friendship,

or whose love the hand of fate has severed, delight in the indulgence of reflections, which lead to past endearment, which, dwelling on the virtues, the perfections of the dead, breathe the pure spirit of melancholy enthusiasm.

—Ask the faithful youth  
Why the cold urn of her, whom long he  
lov'd,  
So often fills his arms, so often draws,  
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,  
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?  
Oh, he will tell thee that the wealth of  
worlds  
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
That sacred hour, when stealing from the  
noise  
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance  
sooths,  
With virtue's kindest looks, his aching  
breast,  
And turns his tears to rapture.

AKENSIDE.

Here, every thing which tends to soften and refine the mind, to introduce a pensive train of thought, and call the starting tear, will long and ardently be cherished. Music, the solace of the mourner, that food of tender passion which while it sweetly melts the soul, corrects each harsh and painful feeling, will ever to the wretched be a source of exquisite sensation. Those writers who have touched the finest chords of pity, who mingling the tenderest simplicity with the strongest emotions of the heart, speak the very language of nature, have elegantly drawn the effects of music on the mind ; the Fronrose of Marmontelle, the Maria of Sterne, and the Julia de Roubegne of Mackenzie, but more especially the minstrel of Beattie, sweetly evince this delightful and bewitching melancholy which so blandly steals upon the children of sorrow.

That the contemplation of nature, of the various features of the sublime and of the beautiful, often lead to reflections of a solemn and  
serious

serious cast, is a circumstance well established; and on this account the possession of romantic and sequestered scenery is a requisite highly wished for by those who mourn the loss of a beloved object. The gloomy majesty of antique wood, the awful grandeur of overhanging rock, the frequent dashing of perturbed water, throw a sombre tint around, which suits the language of complaining grief. Perhaps to the wild and picturesque beauties of *Vaculsa* we owe much of the poetry, much of the pathos of Petrarch, the perpetuity of whose passion for Laura was, without doubt, greatly strengthened by such a retreat; where, free from interruption, he could dwell upon the remembrance of her virtue and her beauty, could invoke her gentle spirit, and indulge the sorrows of his heart.

Frequently also do the milder and more tranquil scenes of nature produce sensations of a like kind; how delightful to the bosom of sadness, are the still sweet beauties of a moonlight evening, and who, that has a heart to feel, is not struck by the soft and tender scenery of a Claude, whose setting suns diffuse such an exquisite melancholy and whose shadowy foregrounds drop such a grateful gloom, as are peculiarly captivating to the mind of taste and sensibility.

But, independent of a train of thought, produced by adverse circumstances, scenery of a stupendous and solitary cast, will ever have upon a person of acute feeling, somewhat of a similar effect; it will dispose to contemplation, it will suggest a wish for seclusion, a romantic and visionary idea of happiness abstracted from society. Those, who possess a genius of which imagination is the strongest

characteristic, are, of all others, the most susceptible of enthusiasm; and, if placed amid scenes of this description, and where civilization has made little progress, they will eventually be the sons of poetry, melancholy and superstition. To these causes we may ascribe the peculiarities of Ossian, his deep and uninterrupted gloom, his wild but impressive mythology. I do not, indeed, deny, that even in the most polished periods of society much of this cast of mind may be observed: it is ever, I think, attendant upon genius, but, at the same time, so tempered by the sober tints of science and philosophy, that it seldom breaks in upon the province of judgment and right ratiocination. The melancholy of Milton, Young and Gray was so repressed by the chastening hand of reason and education, as never to infringe upon the duties of life; the spirit, the energy of Milton's comprehensive soul, the rational and sublime piety of Young, the learning and morality of Gray, powerfully withheld the accession of a state of mind so inimical to the rights of society. I speak here (as I have before hinted) but of a constitutional bias of mind, not of that deep sorrow which arises from the loss of a beloved relative, or from the unmerited pressure of adversity.

In addition to what has been observed concerning the effect of scenery, let it be added, that those whom misfortune has bowed down, and who have fled into retirement to indulge the luxury of grief, that those take peculiar pleasure in being witnesses to the decay and sad vicissitudes of nature, that the commencement and decline of autumn, the ravages of winter, the fury of the mountain torrent, the howling of the midnight

night storm, the terrors of a sultry noon, the burst of thunder and flash of lightning, are to them sources of sympathy and consolation. What sublime and pensive images may they not derive from the melancholy sighing of the gale, particularly from "that pause," observes Mr. Gray, "as the gulf is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an *Æolian harp*. There is nothing," adds he, "so like the voice of a spirit." And, indeed, however inconsiderable, in itself, such a sound may be, yet, from the association of ideas, and from the general knowledge of its being the presage of a storm, it derives a degree of awful and impressive grandeur, admirably adapted to the nature of reflection. In such a situation as this, every thing is in unison with their feelings, each object seems to suffer; and to a mind pregnant with images of distress, little is wanting to immediate personification: they may exclaim in the beautiful and descriptive language of Miss Seward,

'Twas here, e'en here! where now I sit  
reclin'd,  
And winter's sighs sound hollow in the  
wind;  
Loud, and and more loud, the blast of  
evening raves,  
And strips the oaks of their last ling'ring  
leaves.  
The eddying foliage in the tempest flies,  
And fills with duskier gloom the thick-  
ning skies,  
Red sinks the sun, behind the howling  
hill,  
And rushes with hoarse streams the  
mountain rill;  
And now with rustling billows, cold and  
pale,  
Runs swollen and dashing down the lonely  
vale;  
While to these terrible eyes, grief's faded  
form

Sits on the cloud, and sighs amid the  
storm.

That this amiable and tender sorrow, so frequently the concomitant of the best disposition and principles, and the certain test of a generous and susceptible heart, that this should be so often carried to an extreme, should so often militate against our social and domestic duties, is an event which merits the most serious attention. It is however not uncommon; he, to whom those sweet but melancholy sensations have been once known, will not easily be persuaded to relinquish them; he shuns society, and, dwelling on the deprivations he has suffered, seeks to indulge what, when thus cherished, is but childish imbecility. It is the more necessary, perhaps that an error of this kind be corrected, as from the fashionable rage of affected sensibility, many otherwise would suppose themselves evincing an undoubted claim to feelings; "tremblingly alive," by a mode of conduct which convicts them of folly and hypocrisy.

At the same time that the Speculator reprobates the excess of grief, as detracting from our public and our private duties, he, by no means wishes to restrain those pensive and those soft emotions which arise from just affection for departed excellence, or from the consciousness of rectitude of conduct, and unmerited adversity; on the contrary, he is their advocate, they afford us a luxury most soothing to the mind: but let us take care it degenerates not into weakness, that it leads not to unprofitable solitude; for, he has already observed, "It is not good for man to be alone." N.

ACCOUNT.



ACCOUNT OF, AND EXTRACTS FROM,  
THE NEWLY DISCOVERED  
SHAKESPEARE MANUSCRIPTS.

THE volume promised by Mr. Ireland to the world, and which has excited no small degree of curiosity, has at length appeared. Criticism has here a noble feast, upon which it may gorge itself.

While the volume which now appears, has been preparing for the press, many attempts have been made, with equal illiberality and malignity, to excite doubts in the public mind with respect to the authenticity of these MSS.

In this preface Mr. Ireland says "that from the first moment of the discovery of the MSS. to the present hour, he has incessantly labored, by every means in his power to inform himself with respect to the validity of these interesting papers.

"Throughout this period," proceeds he there has not been an ingenuous character or disinterested individual, in the circle of literature, to whose critical eye he has not been earnest that the whole should be subjected. He has courted, he has even challenged the critical judgment of those who are best skilled in the poetry and phraseology of the times in which Shakespeare lived; as well as those whose profession or courses of study has made them conversant with ancient deeds, writings, seals, and autographs. Wide and extensive as this range may appear, and it includes the scholar, the man of taste, the antiquarian, and the herald, his inquiries have not rested in the closet of the speculatist; he has been equally anxious that the whole should be submitted to the practical experience of the mechan-

ic, and be pronounced upon by the paper-maker, &c. as well as the author. He has ever been desirous of placing them in any view, and under any light, that could be thrown upon them: and he has in consequence, the satisfaction of announcing to the public, that as far as he has been able to collect the sentiments of the several classes of persons above referred to, they have unanimously testified in favor of their authenticity, and declared that, where there was such a mass of evidence, internal and external, it was impossible amidst such various sources of detection, for the art of imitation to have hazarded so much without betraying itself; and consequently, that *these papers can be no other than the production of SHAKESPEARE himself.*"

The contents of the volume are,  
Fac Similies of Shakespeare's Autographs.

Queen Elizabeth's Letter.

Extracts from miscellaneous papers.

Note of Hand.

Letter to Anna Hatherrewaye.

Verfes to the same.

Letter to the Earl of Southampton.

The Earl's Answer.

Profession of Faith.

Letter to Cowley.

Portrait inclosed in the same.

Reverse of ditto.

Deed of Gift to Ireland.

Tributary Lines to Ireland.

View of Ireland's House and Coat of Arms.

Bassanio and Shylock.

Agreement

Agreement with Lowine.

Agreement with Condell.

Lease to M. Frazer and his Wife.

Deed of Trust to John Hemynge.

King Lear.

Hamlet (a Fragment, of a few pages.)

The following are Extracts from this curious and interesting Publication :

*Queen Elizabeth's Letter.*

Wee didde receive youre prettye verses.

Good Maisterre William through the hands

Off our Lorde Chamberlayne ande we doe

Complemente thee onne theyre greate excellence.

Wee shall departe from Loddonne toe

Hamptowne forre the Holydayes where wee

Shalle expecte thee with thy best Actorres

thatte thou mayste playe before ourselfe toe

amusse usse bee not slowe butte comme toe

usse bye Tuesday nexte asse the lorde

Leicesterre wille bee withe usse.

ELIZABETH R."

Addressed

*For Mastere William Shakspeare  
atte the Globe bye Thames*

Thys Letterre I dydee receyve fromme

my most gracyouse Ladye Elyza-  
beih

ande I doe requeste ite maye bee kepte withe alle care possyble

WM. SHAKSPEARE.

NOTE.—Upon the above Extract it has been remarked, "that Leicester died

in 1588; and from circumstances, we suppose the date of the Queen's letter to be about 1585, when the Poet, who was born in 1564, was 21 years of age only, and his children were christening at Stratford; that there is no uniformity of orthography; that the words are clogged with unnecessary letters in many instances, and lapse into a purer system in a few; and that the poet making a note upon a letter, plainly signed by the Queen herself, spells her name differently and wrongly.

*Letter to Anna Hatherrerwaye, (afterwards Shakspear's wife) with a lock of his hair plaited.*

"DEARESSTE ANNA,

"As thou haste alwaye found mee toe mye worde most trewe foe thou shalt see I have strictlye kepte mye promyse I praye you perfume thys my poore Locke with thy balmey kisses forre thenne indeede shalle Kynges themselves bowe and paye homage toe it I do assure thee no rude hande hathe knottedde itte thy Willys alone hathe done the worke Neytherre the gydedde bauble thatte envyrnnes the heede of Majestye noe norre honourres most weyghtye wulde give mee halfe the joye as didde thyss mye lyttle worke forre thee. The feelinge thatte dydde nearest approche untoe itte was thatte whiche commethe nygheste untoe God meeke and Gentle Charytye forre thatte Virrtu O Anna doe I love doe I cherishe thee inne mye hearte forre thou art as a tasle Cedarre stretchyng forthe its branches and succouryng the smallere Plants from nyppinge Winterre orr the boysterouse Wyndes Farewelle toe Morrowe bye tymes I will see thee tille thenne

Adewe sweete Love

Thyne everre

WM. SHAKSPEARE.

VERSES TO ANNA HATHERREWAYE.

I

Is there inne heavenne aught more rare  
Thanne thou sweete Nympe of Avon fayre  
Is there onne Earthe a manne more trewe  
Thanne Willy Shakspeare is toe you

II

Though fyckle fortune prove unkynde  
Stille dothe she leave herre wealthe behynde  
She neere the heart canne forme anew  
Norre make thye Willys love untrue

III

Though Age with witherd hand doe stryke  
The forme most fayre the fayce most bryghte  
Stille dothe shee leave unnnetouchedde ande trewe  
Thy Willys love ande freynshype too

IV

Though deathe with neverre saylynge blowe  
Deathe Manne ande Babe alike brynge lowe  
Yette dothe he take naughte but hys due  
And Strykes notte Willys heart stille trewe

V

Synce thenne norre forretune deathe norre age  
Canne faythfulle Willys love aswage  
Thenne doe I live and dye forre you  
Thy Willye syncere ande moste trewe

*The following are som. of the smaller papers, of which fac similia have been published by Mr. Ireland :*

"Inne the Yeaere o Christ [Here the writing is torn off.]

"Forre oure trouble inne goynge toe Playe before the Lorde Leycesterre ats house and our greate Expenneces thereuponne 19 pounds

"Receyvedde ofs Grace the summe o 50 Poundes.

WM. SHAKESPEARE"

*Note of Hand.*

"One Moneth from the date hereof I doe promyse to paye to my good and worthey freynde John Hemyng the sum of five pounds and five shillings, English money as a recompense for hys greate trouble in settling and doinge much for me at the Globe Theatre as also for hys trouble in going down for me to Stratford.

Witness my Hand

WM. SHAKSPERE."

[Here the name is spelled without the second A.]

F

*Letter to Richard Cowley.*

"WORTHYE FREYNDE,

"Havyinge alwaye accountedde thee a pleasante and wittye Personne and onne whose company I doe much esteeme I have sente thee inclosedde a whymficalle conceyt which I doe suppose thou wilt easlye discoverre butte shouldst thou notte why thenne I shall sette thee onne my table of *loggere heades*.

Youre trewe Freynde

WM. SHAKESPEARE."

*The following advertisement is affixed to the MSS. of Lear.*

"Tragedy of Kynge Lear

"Isse fromme Masterre Hollinshedde I have inne somme lyttle departedde fromme hymme butte thatte Libbertye will notte I truste be blammedde bye mye gentle Readers

WM. SHAKESPEARE."

Several deeds have been recently discovered by Albany Wallis, Esq. amongst the papers of the Featbertonbaugh family, that concern Shakespeare



Shakespeare and Ireland; one of which is signed by William Shakespeare, and witnessed by several other persons, whose signatures exactly correspond with the author-

graph in Mr. Ireland's possession, and add incontrovertible proofs (if they stood in need of them) to the genuineness of those invaluable treasures.

## EUGENIO AND AMELIA,

From the *LOOKER-ON*, by the Rev. S. OLIVEBRANCH.

*Quis procul ille autem ramis insignes Olive  
Sacra ferens ?*

VIRGIL.

But who is he that yonder comes, that wears  
The OLIVE-BRANCH, and sacred incense bears.

IF the reader is at all interested by the character of poor Eugenio, or sympathises with the unfortunate Amelia, he will pardon that affection for their memoirs which induces me to consecrate the two or three succeeding papers to my long-lost and regretted friends. Poor Eugenio! I little thought when I held thee in these arms in thy last struggles for breath, and received this little deposit of thy letters, that I should have lived to moisten it with my tears at this distance of time. The great ones are hourly passing before me; events of magnitude are happening daily about me; sorrows and catastrophes surround me; but still the traces of thy virtues are freshest in my thoughts; and hardly do I live to present times, when I think on those quiet hours we passed together, and those evening walks, and those various conversations on men and things, ever ending in the subject of thy heart, thy dear Amelia.

Methinks I have him now before me, with his tall and graceful fig-

ure, his oval face, his dimpled mouth and large benevolent eyes: I seem again to see his features gathering fresh and fresher animation as involuntarily he winds the conversation into that channel in which his bosom so loved to discharge itself: and now his countenance assumes a softened expression of melancholy, as the subject gradually takes the colors of his mind—a mind, almost from the cradle, of too high a pith for the tones of ordinary life, and destined to a course of continual disappointment. But nothing had the effect of souring the temper of Eugenio; and I know not if I am right in calling *that* melancholy, which produces neither complaint nor despondency, and which felt it no indulgence to criminate the motives and actions of mankind, but shewed itself alone in a certain bias towards topics of sorrow, and an inclination to visit the house of mourning rather than the house of joy. It comforts me to think that the soul of this excellent youth has been long at rest, after a short ca-

met of sorrow in this world ; and that bosom which found so little congeniality here, is probably those abodes where its sorrow is turned into joy ; and where, what was the source of disappointment, is become the fountain of delight.

Eugenio was in his four-and-twentieth year when I first became acquainted with him. It was not long after this that an increase of fortune enabled him to live up to his own feelings of duty, and to follow those amusements which his heart pronounced innocent. After a youth of much variety and uniform disappointment, he retired to his father's house in Shropshire, which their circumstances now enable them to render more comfortable, and the grounds about which Eugenio took great delight in disposing in such a manner as was calculated to favor the contemplative turn of his mind. Five years he spent in a truly elegant and philosophic retirement, not savagely shutting himself up from the world, but asserting that title to the use of his time which he deemed necessary to the cultivation of his soul, and the great ends of his creation. Before this period he had passed through various scenes and situations of life. But why should I thus piece out the history of my friend ? I feel that in the end it must all be told ; such is my fondness of talking about him : I will therefore lay it before my readers, with the advantages of a regular narration.

It was on a cold night in December, that the father of Amelia and myself, being overtaken by a shower of rain, entered the kitchen of an inn on the western road, to warm ourselves by the fire. There sat in one corner of the room a tall thin young man, in a mean

travelling dress, but of an elegant form and dignified aspect. He leaned upon the table with his elbow, & had very much the air of fatigue in his looks though there was evidently too much agitation within him to admit of the necessary repose. I observed as we stood by the fire that the eyes of my friend were fixed upon the youth, who himself never once regarded us or paid us the least attention from our first entrance into the room.

As my friend's house, where I then was upon a visit, was only a mile distant, and as it now held up, we took leave of the company, all of whom rose, except the traveller, who took no more notice of our departure than he had done of our entrance. My friend (whom in future I shall call Barville, having some reasons for concealing his true name) during our walk home, was silent and thoughtful, and would enter into no conversation the whole evening. The next morning we met early in the garden, where he thus addressed me :—" My good Mr. Olive-Branch, I must beg your forgiveness for my behavior yesterday evening ; but the truth is, the physiognomy of the young stranger we saw last night has so touched me, that I have been able to think of nothing else ever since. My mind," continued he, " will never be at ease till I have had some conversation with him : what think you of sending to desire his company to breakfast ?" I approved of his intention ; the message was sent, and a very polite refusal was returned. This, however, only the more inflamed the curiosity of Mr. Barville. He set off himself to the inn, and returned in half an hour, together with the stranger. He was a little better dressed than

on the preceding day, and bore every characteristic of the gentleman about him. His deportment was the most manly I ever beheld; and a slight suffusion which tinged his cheeks upon entering the room, being unaccompanied with any embarrassment, prognosticated that amiable union of qualities which adorn a mind at once modest and assured.

He expressed the sense of the honor done him in a very warm manner. Mr. Barville, whose knowledge was very considerable, started various subjects of conversation, and seemed very desirous of engaging the stranger's confidence, and of bringing their acquaintance to that state of maturity which would admit of some interesting questions, in which he longed to give a loose to his curiosity.

As Mr. Barville was a character little out of the common road, it may be worth while to digress a moment for the sake of describing him. This gentleman was the eldest of several children. His father was a merchant of some eminence, and a man of very solid parts, and great worldly knowledge. He used to say, that he looked on his seven children with the sentiments of a Spartan; that he considered them as a stock, in which the public and himself had equal shares. To the commonwealth he resigned the qualities of their heads; and reserved to himself the paramount property in the province of the heart.

His children were all permitted to choose their professions; for he deemed it a monstrous attack upon reason and common sense, to settle the destination of a child without waiting for his capacities to develop themselves. Unhappily the

old man's precautions were vain: he died in circumstances by no means affluent; and Mr. Barville, the eldest son, who had already entered on the study of the civil law, was obliged to relinquish the profession of his choice, to support his brothers and sisters, who were yet children, with the profits of his father's business. Many years however after this event, when he had attained the age of thirty, he came to the unexpected possession of a very ample fortune by the will of a distant relation.

As this change in circumstances raised him into more elevated company, he began to feel his own disparity in the point of education so severely, that he resolved to repair these deficiencies by a few years of assiduous application. He immediately purchased a judicious little collection of books; and being too old and too nice to become a pupil, he sat down with solitary ardor to the elements of mathematics, and the treasures of ancient literature.—Aided by a quick comprehension and a sound memory, he made such dispatch, that, in the course of three years, his head was furnished with a rich variety of materials for reasoning and contemplation. The solitude in which he prosecuted these researches, did not fail to give an original turn to his thoughts and arguments, and fastened some singularities and prejudices on his mind, which time and opportunity served only to provoke and confirm. In the scholar's craft, as well as in others, there prevails a common cast of conversation, a sort of complexional tincture, which some would call *cant*, that pervades the whole profession. Mr. Barville's learning was not of this technical sort; his preferences



preferences and aversions were the progeny of his own mind, and his taste was unborrowed, as well as the principles on which he supported it.

His phraseology had something in it that was strange at first, but which proved it to be his own, and at once told you he was no common man; and those who conversed with him were frequently surprised by new combinations of words, and new effects of language. He abounded in principles, in maxims, and in systems, which he cherished the more fondly, as being his undisputed offspring, and could therefore never endure interruption until the whole scheme of his argument was perfectly detailed. He was fond of framing improvements, of which humanity was the object; and the poor and unfortunate were the constant theme of his inventions, and the unceasing objects of his care. On the whole, he was tender on the subject of religion, serious in all questions of morality, and ardent and disinterested in his search after truth; and if the quickness of his apprehension, and the constancy of his tenets, made him sometimes impatient and imperious, it was almost worth while to be exposed a little to this defective part of his character, to witness that benevolent concern and unaffected candor with which he studied to expiate the offence.

Mr. Barville was just proceeding to address some important questions to the stranger, whom I shall in future call Eugenio, when Amelia entered the room. I shall attempt no description of this young lady's person: it will be enough to say, that the most melting sensibility, and the most exalted virtue, heightened and corrected each other's expression, in a com-

plexion and a set of features formed for love and delight. Mr. Barville introduced her to his guest, whose frame underwent a new kind of agitation, and who now felt doubly ashamed of the meanness of his apparel. "Amelia," said the father, "you are to look upon this gentleman as no common acquaintance; certain rules of judging, which have never yet betrayed me, make me very ambitious of his friendship." This speech, in spite of herself, strained her looks towards Eugenio, and an involuntary expression of sweet approbation kindled the first spark of that unhappy flame in which they were both destined to be consumed. Mr. Barville stopped a moment for their mutual compliments to be paid; but nature had fixed on their mouths a seal of silence, on which each other's image was engraved, and which a little time sufficed to carry to the heart, there to abide forever.

The vivacity of Mr. Barville's disposition, and the fermentation of his mind, never suffered a pause to last till it was painful; and in any embarrassment of that kind, it was usual for the company to turn towards him for relief. Some agreeable comment, or some useful inference, was always revolving in his mind and ready for the occasion; and a certain equability and delicacy of thought were more remarkable in his conversation, than the poignancy of satire, or the splendor of wit. He made us all join in requesting Eugenio to spend that and the following day with us; but it was easy to see whose application had the most influence in obtaining his consent. A thousand agreeable topics were started by the hospitable entertainer; and so much pleasantry and  
good

good-humor prevailed through the day, that towards the close of it, the stranger had shaken off much of his reserve, and more than once gave way to emotions of gaiety and mirth, which so developed the expression of his countenance, that many new and excellent qualities were read in it by the philosophical Mr. Barville; and the seeds of much future sorrow were sown in another bosom, where, alas! the same philosophy did not, at least that moment, exist.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the worthy gentleman of the house turning towards his guest, and putting his two fingers upon his hand as it rested upon his knee, (I see them both now before me) "You must be sure, sir," said he, "I could have had no inducement to seek so earnestly your acquaintance, but what was perfectly disinterested and honorable: I have long cherished the persuasion that there are certain lines in the countenance which never fail to announce a well constituted mind. There is a kind of running title in the face, which opens fresh matter to interest us in every page. Not a certain assemblage of features, but the modification of those features under the various influence of successive emotions, is the rule of my judgment in these cases, with a reserve, however, in favor of the testimonies of subsequent experience. Look upon me as one, therefore, whom no accidental circumstances of obligation or connexion have made your friend, but whom the secret ties of nature herself have drawn towards you with a force not to be resisted. I frankly offer you my confidence and friendship; make what use you

can of me in your own affairs; and if you have any distresses (alas! they are legible in your countenance) which are not too desperate for relief, or too severe to be softened by communication, I earnestly entreat you to make me a sharer in them. I too have had my sorrows: in the most virtuous and affectionate of wives, I have lost the tenderest of friends; and my only son is gone from me, Heaven knows where, with circumstances that render the loss of him ten times more distressful, and which add weight to a misfortune that one would think almost too heavy for aggravation."

These kind sentiments, uttered with great energy, were too much for Eugenio: he was mute for some moments; in spite of his efforts, a tear stole from him, and a sigh escaped from the depths of his bosom. At length, after some unintelligible effusions, he went on thus: "This generosity, my dear sir, and this extraordinary goodness are so greatly above what I have been used to experience, that I dare not attempt to make adequate acknowledgments. The best way, doubtless, to manifest my sense of it would be to yield instantly to your flattering request; but, indeed, Sir, my history contains but little to interest or to amuse you. As for some few distresses I may have suffered, they have not been of that incidental, various, and adventurous kind, which affect in the relation, but were for the most part spun out of my own feelings which are such as to raise trifling circumstances into serious misfortunes: while, so is my mind constructed, that I can endure those evils, whose sensible magnitude is infinitely greater, and which must disturb

disturb the serenity of others, with sufficient calmness and composure. I know, sir, I am making a confession much to my discredit; but I cannot abuse such a noble good-nature, by keeping you ignorant of the unworthiness of its object."

It is easy to imagine that the excuse was not listened to; and Eugenio, after a pause of some moments, was beginning to gratify the curiosity of his new friend, when, perceiving Amelia and myself rising from our chairs, as if to leave the room, he entreated us both to remain, and, with a look

of some impatience, assured Amelia that there was nothing in the story he was about to relate, which could give any umbrage to her delicacy, or which he could wish to conceal from her knowledge. I think, if subsequent events do not deceive me, a melancholy forecast at that moment drew from me an involuntary sigh, and I felt inwardly troubled as the situation of things brought to my thoughts the effects wrought on the mind of the gentle Desdmona by the pitiable story of the valiant Moor.

(Concluded next month.)

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## HINTS ON THE HISTORY OF MAN.

*Extracted from "The Studies of Nature," a work in its kind of unparalleled excellence.*

**I**N the fifth part of this work, says our author, we shall speak of MAN. Every work of nature has presented to us, hitherto, only partial relations: man will furnish as such as are universal. We shall examine, first, those which he stands in to the elements. Beginning with that of light and fire, we shall observe that his eyes are turned not towards heaven, as the poets, and even some philosophers alledge, but to the horizon; so that he may view, at once, the heaven, which illuminates, and the earth, which supports him. His visual rays take in near half of the celestial hemisphere, and of the plane on which he treads; and their reach extends from the grain of sand which he tramples under foot, to the star which shines over his head, at an immeasurable distance.

He alone of animals can enjoy equally the day and the night;

he alone can bear to live within the torrid zone, and upon the ice of the frigid. If certain animals are partakers with him, in these advantages, it is only by means of his instructions, and under his protection. For all this he is indebted to the element of fire, of which he alone is the sovereign Lord. By this he prepares his food, dissolves metals, vitrifies rocks, hardens clay, softens iron, and gives to all the productions of the earth the forms and the combinations which his necessities require.

[Our most ingenious author proceeds to shew how man renders subservient to his use and advantage the *Air*, the *Water*, and the *Earth*, the *animal*, *vegetable* and *mineral* kingdoms.]

With all these advantages, nature has collected in the human figure every thing that is lovely in colour and form, whether from harmony, or from contrast. To these



these she has added movements the most majestic, and most graceful. Man, over the whole globe, is at the centre of all magnitudes, of all movements, and of all harmonies. His stature, his limbs, his organs have proportions so adjusted to all the works of Nature, that she has rendered them invariable, as their combination. He constitutes himself alone a genius which has neither class nor species; dignified by way of excellence with the title of *MANKIND*.

He forms a real family, all the members of which are scattered over the face of the earth, to collect her productions, and are capable of maintaining a most wonderful correspondence adapted to their mutual necessities. Man has been, in every age, the friend of man, not merely from the interests of commerce, but by the more sacred, the more indissoluble bands of humanity.

— As man has formed his intellect on that of nature, he has been obliged to regulate his moral sense by that of her *AUTHOR*. He felt, that, in order to please Him

who is the principle of all good, it was necessary to contribute to the general good; hence the efforts made by man in every age, to raise himself to God by the practice of virtue. This religious character, which distinguishes him from every other sensible being, belongs more properly to his heart than to his understanding. It is in him not so much an illumination as a feeling; for it appears independent even of the spectacle of nature, and manifests itself with equal energy in those who live most remote from it, as in those who are continually enjoying it. The sensations of the infinity, of the universality, of the glory, and of the immortality with which it is connected, are incessantly agitating the inhabitants of the city as well as those of the country. Man, feeble, miserable, mortal, indulges himself every where in these celestial passions. Thither he directs, without perceiving it, his hopes, his fears, his pleasures, his pains, his loves; and passes his life in pursuing or combatting these fugitive impressions of *DEITY*.

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#### *AN EASTERN EPOLOGUE.*

**T**HE Calif Hegiage, who, by his cruelties rendered himself the terror and dread of his subjects, happening to traverse his vast dominions without any badge of distinction, met with an Arabian of the desert, and thus addressed himself to him:

“Friend (said he) I should be glad you would let me know what kind of a man this Hegiage is, of whom they talk so much?”—

“Hegiage (replies the Arabian) is no man; he is a tyger, a monster.”—“Of what do they accuse him?” “Oh! a multitude of crimes; already has he wallowed

in the blood of more than a million of his subjects.” “Have you never seen him?” “No.” “Well, look at him now: ’tis to him thou speakest.”

The Arabian, without betraying the least surprise, rivets his eyes upon him, and proudly demands, “And you, Sir, know who I am?” “No.” “I belong to the family of Zobain, each of whose descendants is infected with madness one day in every year, and mine is to day.”

Hegiage smiled, and in consideration of the ingenuity of his excuse forgave him.

CABINET



## CABINET OF APOLLO.

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### Original Poetry.

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*For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.*

HORACE, Book I, Ode IV, Translated.

#### *To LUCIUS SEXTIUS.*

THE cheering spring returns, and gentlest gales  
Invite the ship, and swell th' unfolding sails.  
The herd forsakes the stall, the swain the hearth;  
A beauteous verdure clothes the teeming earth.  
Now Venus to the moon leads up the dance;  
The Graces join'd by smiling Nymphs advance,  
And swell her train; while ardent Vulcan plies  
His Ætnian forge, and clouds of dust arise,  
Now let the verdant myrtle crown our heads,  
On flowers fresh gather'd in the fragrant meads;  
And now to Faunus let the incense rise,  
While in the grove, a kid or lambkin dies.  
Pale death with equal pace his summons brings  
To lowliest beggars, and to loftiest kings.  
Death oft defeats our best concerted schemes,  
And proves our fairest prospects airy dreams.  
Too short is life the fleeting hour to waste;  
Then pluck the fruit that now invites your taste.  
Even you, dear Sextius, happy, wise, and brave,  
Must soon exchange your palace for a grave;  
Nor ever quit that drear abode to join  
The jovial club, or quaff the nectar'd wine;  
"Nor shall the loveliest nymph, that trips the plain,  
One amorous glance from you, nor one fond smile obtain.

CAM.

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#### *A fine and solemn Apostrophe in a Morning Walk, in May.*

FROM LEWESDON HILL—A POEM.

by the Rev. Mr. Crowe.

YE dew fed vapors, nightly balm exhal'd,  
From earth, young herbs, and flowers, that in the morn  
Ascend as incense to the Lord of Day,  
I come to breathe your odours! while they float  
Yet near this surface, let me walk embathed  
In your invisible perfumes, to health  
So friendly, nor less grateful to the mind,  
Administering sweet peace and cheerfulness!

VOL. VIII.

G

For

## For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE

Written on the Author's Natal Day.

EACH "birth-day" to devote to joy and mirth,  
Is one of the first lessons infants learn;  
I ne'er was taught it: mournful was my birth,  
And mournful is its annual return.

Soon as the vital air this breast inhal'd  
Misfortune seiz'd on my devoted frame;  
Penury and woes have ever since assail'd,  
And scarce has glimmer'd kind hope's feeble flame.

SHE, whose dear relics sanctify the clod  
To which affection frequent visits pays,  
Was summon'd to adorn the courts of God,  
Soon as her wretched son commenc'd his days.

With "sombre pencil," and with colors dark,  
Fate has depicted each successive scene;  
Toft on life's boisterous sea, the fragile bark  
Seldom one twinkling star, ne'er a bright sun, hath seen.

By penury precluded from that height  
To which ambitious Genius dar'd to soar,  
Chill poverty prevents my eager flight,  
And fancy dares indulge itself no more.

The future's *camera* discloses scenes  
More dark, more gloomy than the past have been.  
Save when *imagination* intervenes  
And through the gloom AMANDA's form is seen.

At that lov'd name the *fancy* pleasure takes,  
And smiles at views of happiness to come;  
But soon, too soon, timidity awakes,  
And nothing then is seen but *real* gloom.

With more than usual haste this day is sped  
With dangerous illness sisters are distress'd;  
The tears of anguish, and the throb of dread  
Pain my swollen eyes, and rend my tortur'd breast.

God of my life! my darken'd soul illumine,  
Let me not murmur whate'er be thy will,  
Help me o'ercome this unavailing gloom,  
And under "chastening and rebuke be still."

Thou canst remove the clouds which now impend,  
And threaten to o'erwhelm my wearied mind.  
But while I ask, my soul's best loves amend.  
Cease then to murmur, heaven will yet be kind.

Perfect the goodness which thou hast begun,  
And grant a gracious answer to this prayer,  
With faith and hope, in thy beloved son,  
Help me with fortitude *life's load* to bear.

MONIMIUS.

PROLOUGE



PROLOGUE,  
INTENDED FOR *VORTIGERN*,

BY HENRY JAMES FVE, ESQ.

THE cause with learned litigation fraught,  
Behold at length to this tribunal brought.  
No fraud your penetrating eyes can cheat,  
None here can Shakspear's writing counterfeit.—  
As well the taper's base unglorious ray  
Might try to emulate the orb of day,  
As modern bards, whom venal hopes inspire,  
Can catch the blaze of his celestial fire.—  
If in our scenes your eyes delighted find  
Marks that denote the mighty master's mind;  
If at his words the tears of pity flow,  
Your breasts with horror thrill, with rapture glow;  
Demand no other proof—your souls will feel  
The stamp of nature's uncontested seal.—  
But if these proofs should fail;—if in the strain  
Ye seek the Drama's awful Sire in vain;  
Should Critics, Heralds Antiquaries join  
To give their fiat to each doubtful line;  
Believe them not.—Tho' to the nicest eye  
The coiner imitate the royal dye,  
The Touchstone shall detect the specious mould,  
Nor let base metal pass for sterling gold.  
This cause then in the last resort you try,  
From this tribunal no appeal can lie.  
Turn from the frigid rules of critic art  
To read the Code of Nature in the heart;  
Consult her laws, from partial favor free,  
And give, as they decide, your just decree:

A LARK FED HER NESTLINGS.

A LARK fed her nestlings each day in the corn,  
Which summer had rip'ned with care;  
How blithsome she sung 'mid the sweets of the morn,  
And clear'd with her pinions the air!  
No bird that e'er flutter'd its wings as it flew,  
Carol'd sweeter at dawning of day;  
How oft did her plumes meet the soft falling dew,  
As upwards she soar'd on her way.  
But luckless, one noon, as she ventur'd for food,  
And left her sweet younglings behind,  
A school boy espied them, and stole them so rude—  
Ah! why did he act so unkind!  
Returning impatient with food in her bill,  
She sunk in her nest on the ground;  
And call'd them in vain, with her wild notes so shrill,  
For ah! they were not to be found.  
She flew o'er the meadows, and sought ev'ry dale,  
And pluck'd the soft down from her breast;  
To the tall leafy groves she repeated her tale,  
"Some robber hath plunder'd her nest."  
Unceasing she rovd, and complain'd far and wide,  
And trill'd her lorn strain to the sky;  
"Ah! where are my nestlings? ah! tell me;" she cried,  
"Too

"Too weak are their pinions to fly."  
 Despairing at last her dear young ones to find,  
 The corn she forsook with disdain;  
 And closing her wings as she sung, in the wind,  
 Fell mourning—and died on the plain.

YENDA.

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## SONNETS,

By the Rev. R. Polwkele.

"FOR thee, whose love I value more than life,  
 Whose charms the balm of heartfelt bliss inspire,  
 For thee I reassume my humble lyre;  
 Here in the shade far distant from the strife  
 Of scenes, where Fashion's pamper'd votaries rise,  
 In Dissipation's revel, quench the fire  
 O Muse! and blast the hallow'd name of WIFE,  
 'Mid the dark Orgies of impure desire.  
 For thee, tho' ne'er my unambitious strain  
 May soothe th'unfeeling world, I yet awhile  
 Tune the rude shell; and haply not in vain,  
 If, (sweet reward of every anxious toil)  
 My simple song have still the power to gain  
 From LAURA, but a fond approving smile.

---

TO THE SAME, IN 1784.

Amid this scene of varied beauty plac'd,  
 Where nature's wild simplicity, refin'd  
 To prospects that might charm e'en *Mason's* mind,  
 Veils the fair art that lives in *Courtenay's* taste;  
 Let us, my LAURA, no vain wishes waste;  
 But, to the humbler lot of life resign'd,  
 Be ours, when Evening's pensive shadows haste  
 O'er the dark trees, and paler lawn, to bind  
 Contentment's modest wreath around the brows  
 Of wedded love; that sighing oft renews  
 The memory of its fondly storied vows!  
 Or, smiling on the day o'erpast, reviews  
 Each joy the wife—the mother can impart,  
 To rivet in esteem the husband's heart!"

---

## A MONODY

On the Death of

*The Honorable Thomas Russell, Esq.*

Sung after the Eulogy of Doctor John Warren, in the Church  
 in Brattle-Street, on Wednesday, May 4, 1796.

SHADE of departed worth! we come  
 To pour our sorrows o'er thy hallow'd bier;  
 To mourn thy unexpected doom,  
 That draws from grieving virtue many a tear.  
 For thou, by all who knew thee lov'd,  
 To all by death's remorseless power, art lost:  
 Hence, e'en in vig'rous life, remov'd,  
 Ere hoary age had chill'd thee with his frost

Patron

Patron of every generous plan,  
The public welfare to promote, design'd,  
Or mitigate the woes of man,  
Thy noble nature felt for all mankind !  
Leader of each illustrious band,  
To raise thy country's growing fame decreed,  
Form'd, or to fertilize the land,  
The dark illumine, or the hungry feed.  
Friend of the friendless and the poor,  
In ceaseless streams thy god-like pity flow'd,  
Misfortune's sons were ever sure  
To share the wealth approving heaven bestow'd.  
When shiv'ring with the wintry wind,  
The fainting wretch a thousand wants would feel,  
Thy bounty, merciful and kind,  
Bade the hearth blaze, and spread the genial meal.  
Fraught with the riches of each clime,  
Thy ships advent'rous sail'd from either pole ;  
Their wealth, thy charity sublime,  
Employ'd to sooth affliction's sinking soul.  
Each eye, thy kindness sav'd from tears,  
Was rais'd to heav'n, as grateful for thy birth,  
Whilst angels, from their radiant spheres,  
Look down with rapture on thy kindred worth.  
Thy fate, then, shall we ever mourn,  
Plac'd as thou art, in happier realms above ?  
No !—we scarce wish thee to return,  
Sainted and blest, if virtue heav'n approve.  
Like thine, may every bosom glow :  
May fortune's sons thy bright example fire :  
Teach them to feel for human woe,  
And imitate the virtues all admire.

## TO THE ELEGANT SOPHIA.

ON THE ABSURDITY OF SOME PART OF THE FEMALE  
DRESS.

" *Benedetto sia 'l giorno, 'l mese, et l'anno,*

" ———— *Ov'io fui giunto*

" *Da duo begliocchi, che legate mi hanno.*

PETRARCH.

*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*

HOR.

IN ancient Greece the maids for beauty famed,  
Were not of Nature's lavish gifts ashamed ;  
No coat of mail was by rough fingers laced,  
And no rude force compressed the yielding waist :  
They o'er the shape a stole transparent hung,  
Which to the feet in varied foldings hung ;  
Freely to move, the well-turn'd limbs were seen,  
Graceful as Ida's or Olympus' queen,

Thro'



Thro' which the rays emitted to the sight,  
 Fill'd the admiring gazer with delight ;  
 A silken bandau by the Graces wove,  
 Gently upheld *The Hemispheres of Love*.

But Fashion now usurps Dame Nature's reign,  
 Triumphs awhile, and spoils her rich domain.  
 Yet though, bright nymph ! I now her absence mourn,  
 To her dear rights Earth's parent shall return.  
 Aid her, Sophia ! with thy fostering hand,  
 Remove those swelling breasts *depressive* band.  
 Those globes, sole rivals of *The Milky Way*,  
 From bondage freed, shall hail the welcome day.  
 Let it again with artless ease be plac'd  
 To gird with amorous grasp thy beauteous waist ;  
 Then I'll consign thee to the tender care  
 Of guardian sylphs congenial sprites of air.

---

TO EDWIN.

ON READING HIS TENDER ELEGY.

[*In the manner of Hammond*]

---

" Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

WHILE am'rous Edwin's lyre, with melting flow  
 Riots in all the luxury of woe,  
 Around his head the mild affections play,  
 And little Cupids lisp his liquid lay ;  
 When warmer passion strikes the trembling wires,  
 Electric shiverings seize the young desires.  
 Blame not thy Emma, should she seem alone  
 Unmov'd a frozen Niobe in stone :  
 The quick successions of her hills of snow  
 Shew the volcanic fire is hid below.  
 Severer mortals have our sex refin'd  
 Scarce to herself the virgin hints her mind.  
 Each art, each science, opes far fairer fields  
 For man, and love to bus'ness frequent yields :  
 Still idle woman silent, secret sighs,  
 Thrown into shade, like some pale flow'r she dies ;  
 To soft sensations offers no controul,  
 But courts the melting malady of soul.  
 Say, shall imperial man, to whom 'tis given  
 To rule on earth, the delegate of heav'n,  
 Should he with whining plaints his pow'r disgrace,  
 Acknowledg'd

Acknowledg'd fov'reign of a subject race ?  
 Edwin ! this nerveless folly timely shun,  
 Fly the elegiac muse, or you're undone !  
 Let tuneful Hammond's fate thy caution move,  
 Who bled a victim on the shrine of Love ;  
 He, wise at council, eloquent as brave,  
 Expir'd in vernal life, a woman's slave.  
 I could a drug medicinal impart  
 Would drive this sickly languor from thy heart ;  
 To bubbling founts of bliss I'd bring my boy,  
 And plunge his senses in a sea of joy ;  
 Teach him that Hymen's laws yield pure delight,  
 When love and virtue tender souls unite ;  
 Then lead to Learning's haunts, to mines of truth,  
 And breathe o'er all his frame the purple bloom of  
 youth. A YOUNG WIDOW.

---

STANZAS TO HOPE.

**O**H, Hope ! thou balm of human woes,  
 Oh ! come and lull my soul to rest ;  
 Thy form can soothe me to repose,  
 'Tis thou canst calm my troubled breast.  
 Thou bright illusion of the mind,  
 Thou jewel to the human kind ;  
 Without thy aid, man's life would be  
 A long, long scene of misery !  
 'Tis thou that art the wretch's stay,  
 When ev'ry comfort droops away ;  
 Thy friendly voice can bear him up,  
 Though doom'd to drink Woe's bitt'rest cup.  
 When the sad Pilgrim with worn feet,  
 Longs, yet despairs, his friends to greet ;  
 'Tis then thy heav'nly soothing ray,  
 Renews his steps, and cheers his way.  
 When the poor mariner, at sea,  
 Views black'ning tempests round him flee ;  
 Thy friendly aid points out the shore,  
 Where tempests cease, and storms are o'er.  
 When the tir'd soldier on the plain,  
 Sees battle rage, and thousands slain :  
 Thou bid'st his cares and anguish cease,  
 And bring'st the welcome sound of peace.  
 When the poor captive, in his cell,  
 Is doom'd in cheerless gloom to dwell,  
 Thy angel Vision sets him free ;  
 Thou giv'st him life with liberty.

Yet

Yet not to earth's contracted spot,  
 Thy boundless power can be confin'd;  
 For our's would be the hardest lot,  
 Should all our views be here resign'd.  
 If in this life was all our hope,  
 Then wretched, were, indeed, our doom;  
 But happy we, that thou canst ope  
 A realm of bliss beyond the tomb.  
 When earth's short pilgrimage is o'er,  
 When this world's charms can please no more;  
 When life's last pulse throbs in the heart,  
 And Death has aim'd his fatal dart;  
 'Tis then, in heavenly robes array'd,  
 Thou art the dying Christian's aid;  
 He views, through thy celestial eye,  
 The dawn of immortality.

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*Marriages and Deaths, in May, 1796.*

**MARRIAGES.**

**MASSACHUSETTS.**

*Boston.* Mr. Joseph Carnes, to Miss Dorcas Hawes. Mr. George Creighton, to Miss Polly Fitzgerald. Mr. John Whiting, to Miss Mary Davis. Mr. Thomas Capen, to Miss Jane Noble. Mr. Thomas Fisher, to Miss Bethiah Gookin. Mr. Peter Diamond, to Miss Nancy Horton. Mr. Charles Jacobs, to Miss Elizabeth Snelling. Rev. Abiel Abbot of Coventry, to Miss Eliza Abbot, of Andover. Dr. Z. Bartlett, to Miss Hannah Jackson. Mr. John Rishborough, to Miss Nancy Green.

*Dorchester.* Mr. Samuel Glover, to Miss Patty Holden.

*Greensfield.* Jonathan Leavit, esq. to Miss Amelia Styles.

**DEATHS.**

On his voyage to the E. Indies, Capt. John Cathcart, of this town. George Edward. Brown, son of deacon Wm. Brown. Mr. S. Bulfinch, 21. Mrs. Mary Holden. Mrs. Elizabeth Ruggles, 49. Mr. Samuel Hunt, 59. Mrs. Elizabeth Baxter. Mrs. Margaret Cobb. Mrs. Mary Hufsey, 68. Miss Polly Lane, 16. Mrs. Letitia S. Silvester, 70. Mrs. Mary Jenks, 56. Miss Hannah Hollowell, eldest daughter of Robert Hollowell, esq. Mrs. Elizabeth Dow, 38. Mrs. Abigail Ruggles, 34. Mr. Benjamin Nickols, 27.

*Roxbury.* Mrs. Sarah Wood, 79.

*Newtown.* Mrs. Mary Barber, 23.

**CONNECTICUT.** *Hartford.* George Walley, esq. secretary of State, 86.

*New-York.* Mr. Wm. Watson, printer. Mrs. Mary Burcham. Capt. Daniel Parker, of Boston.

*Charleston, (S. C.)* Mr. Wm. Corbett, of Boston.